

MY DREADFUL PAST by SIGNOR CARUSO.

PEARSON'S

— £2.000 —
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY.

No. 1201.]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING JULY 19, 1913.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LIFEBUOY HEALTH TALKS.

No. 3. With the Headmaster.

"I agree with you, sir. The sooner Parents and Guardians realise that disease does not **ORIGINATE** in school, but is brought and propagated there by the infected scholar, the better it will be for the community as a whole. With a declining birthrate the nation cannot afford to sacrifice a single life to someone's negligence. Do parents encourage the use of a germicide such as Lifebuoy Soap?—Not as much as you, sir, with your knowledge of bacteria, would advocate.

Lifebuoy Soap destroys the germs and microbes of disease. It cleans and disinfects at the same time. It is an ideal Soap for Bath and Toilet and for every form of domestic cleanliness. Every scholar should use it and every master should advocate its use."

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YET COSTS NO MORE.**

Dr. CARL ENOCH, Hygienic Institute, Hamburg, says:—"Solutions of Lifebuoy Soap were brought to bear upon the microbes of Typhoid, Cholera, and other infectious diseases. After careful experimenting, Lifebuoy Soap was proved to be a powerful disinfectant and exterminator of germs and microbes of disease."

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those Holiday Walks.

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How "Wood-Milne" help you to enjoy those charming holiday rambles; how they minimise that pleasure-ruining fatigue; how they remove that headache-causing jar of leather heels on unyielding and uneven footways; how, last, but far from least, they lessen boot expenditure.

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BUT SEE THE NAME!

See "Wood-Milne" stamped upon the heels or tips you buy; and let your bootmaker fix them for you. Made in Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber, at prices to suit all, and all reliable.



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are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received Friday morning for the following Monday week's issue.

WEAK MEN, send for my two books.—FREE. Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."—If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your Strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESS, send for my book on "Nervous Breakdown." To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to restore the failing Vital Energies and Powers. Sent in a plain sealed envelope to any address on receipt of Four Penny Stamp. Address—Charles Gordon, No. 8, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks. (Copyright).

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Make your own Cigarette. It is twice as good as good **AG CIGARETTE PAPER**. **BEST and PUREST**.

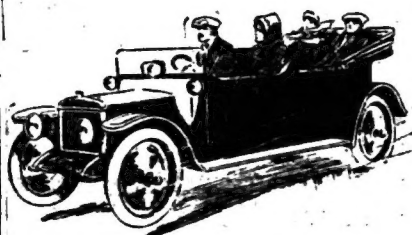
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mother keeps the

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It saves the butter bill.

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THE FASHION OF THE MOMENT.
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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1201.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JULY 19, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

POOR CRICKET.

THE fielding of the home team was wretched to the extreme. Catch after catch was "battered" with aggravating persistence, and the professional, who bowled mainly for "spooners," was fast losing his temper and patience.

Eventually the visitors' captain, who was having a lengthy innings, thanks to numerous "lives," put the ball into the hands of a young amateur at slip. But again the fielding was at fault. The professional glared, the fieldsman blushed and muttered apologetically something about an epidemic.

"Epidemic, be blowed!" exclaimed the bowler angrily. "It can't be an epidemic when it ain't catchin'!"

The Patient: "Ere, nurse, I don't like my bread buttered on both sides."

The Nurse: "But it *isn't* buttered on both sides."

The Patient: "Then which side is buttered?"

"WHAT do you think of a friend who would not venture to plunge into a river for you when you were drowning?" asked the sentimental member of the club.

"I should say," replied Spicer, "that his friendship was all on the surface."

Brown: "Have you seen the latest invention?"

Jones: "No, what is it?"

Brown: "A collar-button with a little phonograph inside that will call out when it rolls into a dark corner under the bed, 'Here I am! Here I am!'"

WRONG NUMBER.

SHE was a very naughty girl to put the subscriber on the wrong number, and she ought to have known better. Being in a hurry, the subscriber promptly asked for a box for two. "But we don't have boxes for two," said a startled voice at the other end of the line.

"Why, isn't that the Bijou Theatre?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply. "This is Graves, the undertaker."

Freddie: "I say, Charlie, there must be company in the parlour."

Charlie: "What makes you think so?"

Freddie: "Mamma just called papa 'my dear!'"

Hotel Clerk: "Beg pardon, sir, but what is your name?"

Visitor: "Why, you idiot, haven't I just put my signature on the register?"

Hotel Clerk: "Yes, that is what aroused my curiosity."

Artful Beggar: "Can't yer spare a poor man a shillin', lidy?"

Passer-by: "A shilling! I should think not, indeed. Besides, you're only blind in one eye."

Artful Beggar: "Well, then, can't yer make it a tanner, lidy?"

WOULDN'T GIVE A PAL AWAY.

The Magistrate: "What we want you to tell us is the exact words used by the prisoner when he spoke to you."

Witness: "He said, your worship, that he stole the pig."

The Magistrate: "No, no; he would not have used the third person."

Witness: "But, your worship, there was no third person."

The Magistrate: "Then he must have said, 'I stole the pig.'"

Witness: "Begorra, an' maybe you did, your worship, but he did not split on you!"

DISTINCTLY DONE!

SCENE: The bar of a public-house. Enter poor woman, weeping bitterly.

"My poor little Nellie has just been run over and killed," she moaned.

They were only hard-working "coalies," but their hearts were touched, and soon a hat was being passed round the bar for the afflicted woman's benefit.

"How old was she?" asked one of her rough sympathisers.

"Five years," she answered; and then paralysed them all with: "and I've had her ever since she was a kitten."

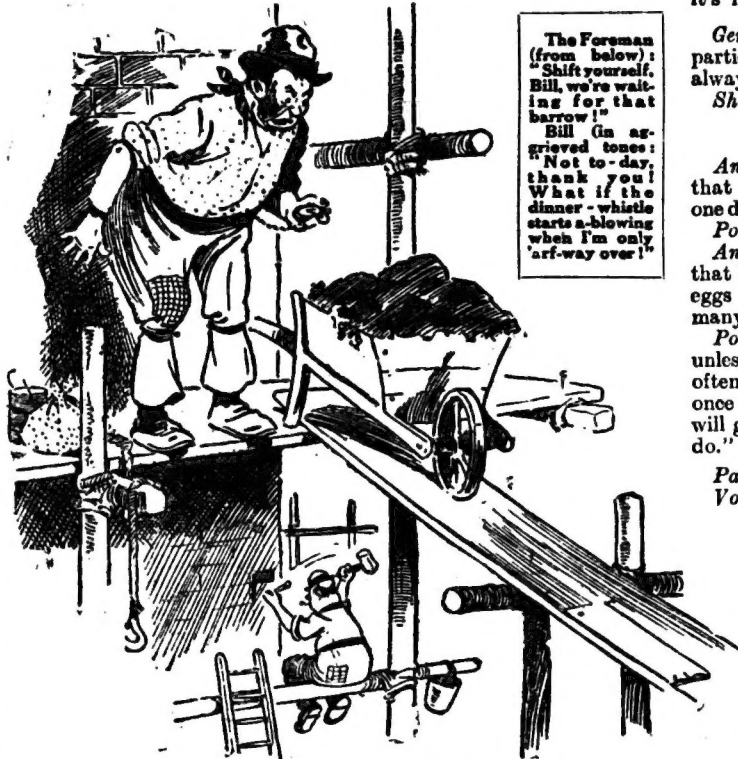
Wife: "John, I haven't a skirt fit to wear."

Husband: "Well, that's the style, isn't it?"

Mr. Ache (having made up his mind to have a tooth out, after three days of pain): "Is the doctor in?"

Page: "No, sir."

Mr. Ache: "Good! That's fortunate!"



The Foreman (from below): Shift yourself. Bill, we're waiting for that barrow!
Bill (in aggrieved tones): Not to-day, thank you! What if the dinner-whistle starts a-blowing when I'm only half-way over!

DIDN'T KNOW THE LANGUAGE.

A YOUNG man just returned from college was out cycling one day when suddenly he came to a steep hill. While descending he lost control of the machine, and two men came and found him lying on the ground. When asked what was the matter he replied:

"Well, I came down that decline with the greatest velocity and lost my central gravity, and was precipitated on the hard macadamised road."

"Garn, leave him alone," said one of the men; "he's a foreigner."

Boarder (on leaving): "Madam, you are one of the most honest persons I ever met."

Landlady: "I'm glad to hear you say that, sir."

Boarder: "Yes, your honesty is even apparent on the very front of your establishment. Your sign says, 'Boarders taken in.'"

Helen: "Charlie, dear, I don't see why you should like me so much better because I'm changeable."

Charlie: "Why, darling, every time I kiss you it's like kissing another girl."

Gentleman Visitor: "What a number of parties your sister must go to. She's always out when I call."

She: "Yes; she's the lucky one."

VERY ARTFUL.

Angry Purchaser: "Didn't you tell me that you had got as many as twelve eggs in one day from those eight hens you sold me?"

Poultry-seller: "Yes, ma'am."

Angry Purchaser: "Then why is it that I'm never able to get more than two eggs from them, and sometimes not so many in one day?"

Poultry-seller: "I don't know, ma'am, unless it's because you look for eggs too often. Now, if you look for them only once a week, I feel quite positive that you will get just as many eggs in one day as I do."

Page Boy: "It's eight o'clock, sir."

Voice from Within: "Well, why the dickens didn't ye tell me that before, ye miserable disturber of the peace?"

Mr. Worryman (standing at the window of his burning house): "Is the wife saved?"

Fireman: "Yes."

Mr. Worryman: "Then I'm going back."

Church Visitor: "Is your mother at home, little girl?"

Little Girl: "N-o-o-w. Muvver's gone ter fight annuver lidy."

ONE EYE TO BUSINESS.

Fussy Gent (hurrying into newspaper office): "I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them, but I can't see to write without them, you know."

Advertising Clerk (likely to be business manager some day): "I will write the ad. for you, sir. Any marks on them?"

Fussy Gent: "Yes, yes. Gold-rimmed, lenses different focus, and letters L. Q. C. on inside. Insert it three times."

Advertising Clerk: "Yes, sir. Ten shillings, please."

Fussy Gent: "Here it is."

Advertising Clerk: "Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure, very great pleasure, to inform you, sir, that your spectacles are on top of your head."

Fussy Gent: "My stars! So they are. Why didn't you say so before?"

Advertising Clerk: "Business before pleasure, yor know."

Prosperous-looking Patient: "What are your charges, doctor?"

Doctor: "Half-a-crown a visit."

Prosperous-looking Patient: "Ah, but we don't want you to come on a visit; we only want you to stay ten or fifteen minutes."

Mistress: "Jane, I've found my best silk petticoat in your box!"

Jane: "Ave yer, mum? And you thought you had lost it! Fancy that!"

THE DRONE.

A SMALL applicant for assistance was being interviewed by a charity worker. "What is your father?" asked the latter.

"E's me father."

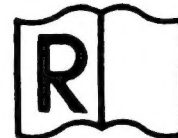
"Yes, but what is he?"

"Oh! 'E's me stepfather."

"Yes, yes, but what does he do? Does he sweep chimneys, or drive 'buses, or what?"

"O-o-w!" exclaimed the applicant, with dawning light of comprehension. "No, 'e ain't done nuthin' since we've 'ad 'im."

New games to play in camp are described in this week's SCOUT, the best paper for boys.



KISSING ANKLES FOR 2s. 6d.

Lor 's' and Ladies' Latest Pastimes. What Mr. P. Doubleyou Saw at a Charitable Garden Party.

It has become a craze for members of the aristocracy to attend various garden parties arranged for charitable objects, and to help rake in the shekels at these beneficent affairs. Needless to say, they leave all their society manners at home, and make up their minds to enter fully into any fun that is going, and to create as much as they possibly can themselves.

Kisses, of course, are a very saleable article at such affairs. These fetch all sorts of sums, according to the "face value" of the lady who is selling them or how much a man is prepared to pay for such a thing.

One well-known musical comedy lady, who was perched on the top of an organ bearing the legend, "You may kiss my ankle for half-a-crown," was doing a roaring trade in her particular line.

One of the things which impressed Mr. P. Doubleyou most of all when he was present at one of these parties the other day, was the amount of rag-time dancing which was going on.

"Hugs," "Trots," and "Tangoes."

This craze seems to have affected the younger members of the "Upper Ten" as no other craze has, and, in spite of the many heated discussions which have been going on as to the propriety or otherwise of the dances, they perform them before the eyes of all without the slightest sign of embarrassment.

As a rule a large lawn is roped off and this answers the purpose of a dancing floor. For charity's sake half-a-crown or so is charged for admission to this alfresco ballroom, and of course it is besieged by those who wish to exhibit their skill in the intricacies of "hugs," "trots," and "tangoes."

For hours together couples dance to the tunes of the latest rag-time melodies, and all the most eccentric of the negro and cowboy dances—the Argentine Tango, the Butterscotch Pull, and scores of others are gone through for the benefit of the onlookers. As soon as the whirlwind movements of one of the dances tires them, they rest a bit and then take up one of the less strenuous glides.

Another big feature of these garden parties is the number of barrel organs one sees. Lord So-and-So thinks it "devilish fun" to hire one of these for the day and then charge people twopence or so a time for the privilege of turning the handle. As is only natural, perhaps, rag-times are the predominating tunes of these organs, and the fact that each is surrounded by scores of swaying dancers is a proof of the assertion that "you can't keep still to rag-time."

The "Upper-Ten" like to make themselves as amiable as they can at the parties, and so their actions in pursuit of this desire are often very eccentric. For the sake of novelty, most of the "Coster kings" of London are invited to these functions, and the Marquis of "Lord-Knows-What" is highly delighted when he is able to introduce "My friend, the Pearly King of the Old Kent Road" to his acquaintances.

10s. For a Go in the Roundabout.

Most of the games and exhibitions which are seen at an ordinary fair can be found at these charitable garden parties.

There are roundabouts, swing boats, houp-la, and a host of other things, all kept by noble lords and ladies, who do their very best to beat one another in the amount of their takings.

The keepers of these stalls have a very keen eye to business, and so they seek the aid of all the prettiest chorus girls. It is the duty of these fair ones to get as much money out of their admirers as they can, and they usually succeed very well.

As such ridiculous sums as five and ten shillings is no unusual thing to pay for a turn in the roundabouts or swings, there is naturally no question of "what is lost on the swings must be made up on the roundabouts."

Very often as much as two thousand pounds is raised for charity in a day by means of one of these garden-parties, and so a great deal of good comes out of this summer amusement.

MISS NERVOUS (after listening to Colonel Winters' narrow escape): "Is it possible? I do not understand how the bullet could strike directly over your heart and not kill you!"

Colonel Winters: "Well—er—er, you see, my heart was in my mouth."

Suffragette 'Coppers' Soon



MR. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE'S recent suggestion that police-women should be appointed in England has already been carried out in other countries.

America, Germany, Norway, and Canada have

all got their official policewomen. Naturally their

duties do not consist in arresting dangerous criminals and the like.

Fraulein Dittmer, for example, who was appointed to the Berlin police staff in 1908, looks after child criminals and kiddies who have either got no homes and are wandering about the streets, or children who are ill-treated by their parents. In her first year she had 604 cases, nearly two a day, more than the average policeman gets in a lifetime.

Recently the State of New York passed a Bill for the appointment of no fewer than twenty policewomen in New York. Ten of these are appointed specially to warn women bathers of wearing too daring costumes on the beach at Newport.

In Canada the policewomen's chief duties are to meet railway trains and assist young girls who come to big cities unattended. Canada's biggest policewoman is Miss May Minty, of Toronto. A Scotswoman, six feet in height, she has a short way with Suffragettes!

KING'S ENGLISH.

No. 8.—"Ain't."

Even the best educated among us are liable to make mistakes in grammar. Each week we give some common grammatical error, pointing out the mistake, and correcting it.

This week we explain the misuse of "Ain't."

The mistake people make is that they think ain't is a contraction for "is not." There is no such word as ain't, nor is it a recognised contraction for any two words. "He ain't right" should be "He isn't (or is not) right."

Next week: "Farther" and "Further."

He's a Studio Watcher



THERE is a man at the Lubin Studios whose business it is to watch carefully every photoplay that is produced, from beginning to end. This man is called the "Watcher."

His work is to take particular note of the costumes and general make-up of every photoplay artiste in the production, for he may be called upon to remember such details many months after the scenes have been enacted—when most people who saw it have forgotten them.

The reason for this is, although when you see a picture on the screen at the picture theatre, the exterior scenes follow the interior scenes in proper order, without a break or pause, forming a complete film, it is not produced thus. For instance, a man may leave a room in one scene, but the exterior scene, showing him passing into the open, may not be acted for months after the interior.

There are many reasons for this—but the weather is chiefly responsible. In the cold, wet, and misty months, producers make a point of getting all their interior scenes worked off, which are filmed by powerful artificial lighting, waiting until the sunny months come round before getting to work on the exterior settings.

During this lapse of time, during which dozens of other scenes have been acted, an artist might easily forget that he wore a particular shape of collar or tie when the interior scene was taken, and it is here that the watcher proves invaluable. These are the sort of instructions he shoots to the players.

"Mr. Joski, you were smoking a cigarette in that interior scene three months ago—light up for the exterior scene which follows, please"; or, "Miss Jackson, your hair was all loose when you galloped up to the outside of this shanty in the exterior some weeks ago—I guess you wouldn't stop on the threshold to do it up neatly, with a dying man waiting inside," and so on.

NEWS WHICH IS NEW TO BRITAIN.

The World Gets Curious News of England that We Seldom Hear of at Home.

FOREIGN papers, particularly American, are noted for the ridiculous nonsense, which is without an atom of truth, they sometimes publish about people in Britain.

Only the other day the following absurd headlines appeared in the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE:

PRINCESS MARY WOULD MARRY KITCHENER.
KING GEORGE'S DAUGHTER POPS THE QUESTION
TO THE GRIZZLED HERO OF KHARTOUM.

FATHER IS MUCH AMUSED.

BUT QUEEN BECOMES FURIOUS AND IMPRISONES
THE LITTLE MARY IN HER ROOM.

"The Royal proposal," so this imaginative paper proceeds, "was whispered in the park of Windsor Castle one evening not long ago. Lord Kitchener gallantly asked the little Princess to talk with her father about the alliance.

"A day or so afterwards Lord Kitchener told the King of the naive proposal, and the monarch roared with laughter. Thinking it too good a joke to keep, the King told Queen Mary. She failed to see the humour of the situation and was furious, and the only result of the little Princess's effort to assert her Royal prerogative was a week's imprisonment in her own room."

Britain's Big "Beef-eaters."

This ludicrous piece of information almost beats the effort of a Lisbon paper which published, some three years ago, a photograph of Mr. Balfour with his golf-bag under his arm. Below it appeared the notice (translated literally):

"Sir Balfour with his bats of cricket. Sir Balfour, though of advanced years, has several times nearly obtained the championship."

Where the enterprising editor obtained this curious hotch-potch it is hopeless to guess, but it must have greatly tickled "Sir Balfour," when his attention was drawn to it.

At Coronation time, when the foreign Princes were driving to Buckingham Palace for a grand reception, a staid organ of American opinion, the NEW YORK AMERICAN, gravely told the world that "As the carriages rolled along, the whining importunities of the crowd filled the air. The princely visitors threw money lavishly into the forest of begrimed hands stretched out in frantic appeal."

This curious picture of a London crowd is followed shortly after by a reference to "the Lifeguards, also known as the Beef-eaters."

A Galveston newspaper was unintentionally funny at the time of the investiture of the Prince of Wales.

The innocent writer had evidently been looking up his history books but had obviously forgotten the age and avoirdupois of the young Prince when he announced that King George would probably follow in the footsteps of his ancestor in holding out the young Prince to the crowd, cradled in the curve of a shield!

Polo in Hyde Park.

The names and titles of British Statesmen are a standing puzzle to even well-informed Continental newspapers. "Asquit" is a favourite spelling of Mr. Asquith's name; while Lord George or Lord Georg is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The MATRINO of Rome printed an article some months ago in which the Chancellor appeared several times as Sir Lord George.

A Lyons daily came out some two years ago with a picture of Mr. Speaker on horseback, with the notice attached to it that "Mr. Speaker's favourite amusement is playing polo in Hyde Park."

One of the most interesting pieces of news nonsense on record was a photograph brought back last year by an Englishman from Buenos Ayres. It had appeared in a Spanish evening paper in that city, and is surely one of the most striking cases of conscienceless journalism on record—or else the editor was a deliberate joker. It was a photograph of an ordinary rough-and-tumble game of cricket, taken in Battersea Park.

One of the figures was stout and bearded. This the enterprising editor marked with a cross, informing his readers that it was King Edward VII. In a short article appended, the readers were informed that King Edward satisfied his democratic passion for cricket by slipping away at times for a game incognito in Battersea Park!

The rich humour of this would probably have appealed to King Edward himself. He was a duffer at cricket, and confessed that the game bored him horribly.

Met One Day. Married Next



Some Recent Records in Lightning Matrimonial Ventures.

MR. LESLIE FRASER DUNCAN, the tallest Scotsman in London—he measures six feet six inches in his stockings—can lay claim to be the king of matrimonial gamblers.

Four times in the course of his long life—he is ninety-two years old—he has married girls whose acquaintance he made by chance only a few hours previously, and what is even more remarkable, each of his marriages has turned out trumps.

His first wife, who was a native of Bath, he got into communication with through a matrimonial advertisement, travelled down to interview her with the licence in his pocket, and married her the next day. They lived an ideally happy life until her death twelve years afterwards.

Wife No. 3 a Widow.

He met his second wife in a west-bound city omnibus, proposed after four or five minutes' conversation, was accepted by the time the vehicle had reached the Marble Arch, and next day was married. She made him happy for another twelve years.

Wife number three was a widow when he met her by chance one morning in Oxford Street, but she was his wife by the afternoon of the day following. They never had a tiff or a cross word. His fourth wife, who only died last October, was courted and wed at similar express speed, and with like happy results.

The late George Gissing, the novelist, tiring of his lonely life in his "digs" in Islington, strolled out into the Marylebone Road, having previously made up his mind to propose to the first passable-looking woman he met. He carried out his resolution, and was accepted, but the

resultant union was far from being a happy one. Better luck attended a somewhat similar venture on the part of a well-known author and journalist now living. Disgusted with a spoilt breakfast served one morning by a slatternly landlady, he sallied forth into the London streets in search of a girl who would marry him and "do" for him.

First of all he made a trip right round the underground railway, stepping off at every station, and silently appraising the physical charms of the young ladies who dispensed cigars and cigarettes at the little kiosks on the various platforms. He proposed to two of them, one at Charing Cross, the other at Earl's Court. Both of them laughingly declined. Probably they thought he was joking.

Nearly a Nursemaid.

Next he tried a nursemaid whom he scraped acquaintance with in Hyde Park. She seemed inclined to accept, but her mistress appeared unexpectedly upon the scene and the interview had to terminate prematurely.

Eventually he proposed to a barmaid whom he found disengaged during the slack hours of the afternoon behind the saloon bar of a well-known city tavern. She accepted him after some slight demur.

They were married two days later, and it is satisfactory to be able to add that their joint venture has turned out an unqualified success. In fact although more than seven years have elapsed since then, their friends, and they are many, unite in agreeing that they are as happy and as well-matched a couple as any in England.

Quite recently a man who was temporarily deprived of his eyesight through an accident proposed to the nurse who was engaged to look after him. He had not seen her at the time, for the bandages had not been removed, but what he admired about her, he explained, was not her face or her figure, but the sweet, gentle tones of her voice. He was accepted, and the wedding took place as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital.

Very touching is the life and death story of the

youthful and pretty wife of Monier, the notorious motor bandit, recently executed in Paris with two of his accomplices. The girl, whose maiden name was Marie Besse, became acquainted with him when he was an industrious and honest workman.

She was a shop assistant, what the French call a *minidette*, and Monier met her for the first time, courted her, and married her, all within a week, which is a record for quickness in matrimonial business over there. They lived a life of ideal happiness until her young husband fell into evil courses, and even after his conviction she clung to him, and refused to hear him spoken ill of.

On the day that he was guillotined she fell in a fit in the street, and was carried to the Hospital de la Pitie, where she died the other day—of a broken heart, the doctor said.

"If a man were to sit on your new hat, what would you say, Claude?"

"I should call him a confounded silly fool."

"Then don't sit on it any longer, there's a dear boy."

"So you've refused my brother Dick?"

"Yes; he had the audacity to propose to me by telephone."

"What did you answer?"

"I answered 'Ring off!'"

"My firm opinion is, you can't get too much of anyfink!"

"Ere, chuck it, Bill! Wot about 'time'?"

NEXT, PLEASE!

"WHEN I was on the West Coast," said the old sailor, "the mosquitoes used to stand on the stones and bark."

"Great Scott!" the listener ejaculated. "You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do," replied the sailor; "they often get on to the stones and bark—of the trees!"

HAS THE SEASIDE CANVASSER CALLED?

The seaside boomster will probably call on you. He is the latest form of canvasser, and will try to talk you into going to "his seaside town" for your holidays. Our cartoonist illustrates some of his gags.



Mr Mouse, Matchmaker



The Story of a
Man's Ideal and the
Type of Girl He
Married.

By
ROY VICKERS.

"WHAT you want,"
said little Mrs.
Matheson to her
son, "is to marry
and settle down."

You're making a good income now, Leonard, and you'll soon be thirty."

"I daresay," replied Leonard languidly. "But I don't suppose I shall ever marry. Just look at the girls one meets nowadays. If they aren't actually Suffragettes, they most of them unsex themselves by working in an office, and that's almost as bad."

"Oh, come—" began Mrs. Matheson.

"My dear mother," he interrupted, "I know just what you are going to say. I have no doubt that it is very praiseworthy, and all that, for a girl to earn her own living. But, frankly, the type doesn't appeal to me. My ideal is a womanly woman—old-fashioned if you like—but one who is content to leave the work of the world to the men and make the care of her home her first consideration."

"I hate the modern self-reliant woman," he added fervently. "A woman should look to her husband for support and protection. I think," he said a little later, "that a gentle stroll before lunch would do me no harm."

The Fates were in a capricious mood that morning. They guided the footsteps of Leonard Matheson from the promenade of the popular seaside resort, where he was taking a long holiday to recover from a breakdown in health, to the municipal museum. Further, they took him to a deserted corner of the natural history section, where he came face to face with a girl whose beauty instantly appealed to his generally unimpressible nature.

She was not a striking beauty, or he would scarcely have noticed her. She was the quiet, domestic kind of beauty. She would look her loveliest in attendance on a sufferer, or with her children playing round her knees.

A few moments later, when his back was unavoidably turned to her, he heard a muffled scream.

Turning, he beheld her standing on a low bench, her skirts gathered about her, and showing every sign of panic.

"May I—can I—?" he stammered, rushing to her.

"A mouse!" she almost whispered in her terror.

"Oh, look, there it is again!"

The mouse, frightened by her commotion, had rushed into a blind alley, from which there was no escape. Leonard Matheson at once pursued it with his stick and, lunging vigorously but vainly, compelled it to run past him to the safety of an open grating.

"Oh, thank you so much!" she said, when the great danger was over. "I don't know what I should have done but for your help."

Leonard Matheson could scarcely realize his good fortune.

"It was nothing—nothing at all! I was only too delighted—"

He contrived to hold forth on the iniquity of the management in allowing such a thing to occur, and she agreed. Her fear had not wholly subsided, and he was charmed by the half-frightened, trustful look in her eyes. Clearly, she regarded him as a hero, and equally clearly he had found his ideal woman. She was soft and timid, and her dress had an irresistible suggestion of frills and fluffiness.

"I shall never dare to come here again," she confided.

"Oh, but I come here very day," he retorted untruthfully. Then, noticing her look of doubt, he continued shamelessly. "Usually my mother accompanies me. She will do so to-morrow."

"By the way," he added, taking his courage in both hands, "if you do not think I am presuming on the accident of our meeting, perhaps you will allow me to introduce myself."

He gave her his name; and, with a hesitation of which he thoroughly approved, she replied by telling him that hers was Merten. To have done less, she thought, would have seemed ungrateful.

Leonard Matheson was moody and silent over lunch. His mother knew that something had happened, and he knew that she knew. There had always been a perfect confidence between them, and after lunch he came to the point.

"Mother," he said almost defiantly, "I may as well tell you I have met the woman—the woman! You understand?"

"Quite, dear," replied his mother tactfully. "How did it happen?"

He related the episode of the mouse, while his mother listened attentively.

"Did you—did you actually see the mouse?" asked Mrs. Matheson with just the faintest touch of suspicion in her voice.

"I did, mother," he replied deliberately. "And I told her that you came to the museum with me every day," he finished sheepishly.

For the first time Mrs. Matheson allowed herself the luxury of a good laugh.

"So you want me to put your acquaintance on a conventional footing?" she asked. She appeared to consider the matter carefully. Like a good mother, she took the affair very seriously. At length she consented. As a fact, she was very well pleased with the arrangement, as it would enable her to save her son, if need be, from an undesirable entanglement.

He grew wretched before the following morning. "She won't turn up!" he told himself gloomily. "I am sure she won't. She will consider it unmaidenly."

But she did turn up, and in a manner that left no doubt as to her maidenliness—for she brought her own mother with her. She bowed to him; he raised his hat; and five minutes later the four of them were leaving the museum. The two mothers, who appeared to be getting on excellently, were walking behind.

She gave further proof of her dependence upon the superior strength and wisdom of man in crossing the road. And an imaginary danger from a passing motor van justified him in holding her arm for an instant, and he thrilled at the touch.

They spent the best part of an hour together, though it seemed but a few minutes to him. Before they parted he asked if she and her mother were likely to be found on the promenade in the evening.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "You see, I have my work in the evening."

"Your work?" he echoed.

"Yes. I work for my living, you know. I—"

At that moment her mother interrupted, and the little party broke up.

After lunch Mrs. Matheson said, "You will be very fortunate if she takes any notice of you, Leonard." She did not believe it. In her heart she would have thought a princess lucky who had won her son's love.

"I know it, mother," he replied.

"I like Mrs. Merten immensely," she went on.

"But, you know," she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "Miss Merten works for her living at Rangers', the menagerie people at the end of the town."

"And why shouldn't she?" he retorted, to his mother's intense amusement. "You surely wouldn't suggest that—in this case—it in any way affects her womanliness. I confess that I find it difficult to imagine her bothering her head with a lot of accounts and so forth, but—"

"Accounts?" echoed his mother. "Did she—did she say anything to you about—accounts and so forth?"

"No!" he replied shortly. "I fancy she was going to describe her work when her mother carried her off. Need we discuss this any further?"

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Matheson invited them to tea. Thereafter they saw much of each other. He learned that her name was Mary. It was just the name he would have liked his wife to possess.

As he came to know more of her, everything confirmed his first impression. In spite of the fact that she worked for her living there could be no doubt that she was of the gentle, clinging type that appealed to him so strongly.

One Sunday evening, when they had made an excursion to the surrounding country, and were sitting alone together at twilight, he took her hand with all the reverence with which he worshipped her, and said: "Mary, I love you."

For one moment she regarded him doubtfully.

"You know—about Rangers?" she asked timidly.

"Of course, dear," he assured her. "But what possible difference could that make?"

And because she thought that he did know, she surrendered shyly and whispered that she returned his love.

That night when he told his mother she appeared to congratulate him wholeheartedly. But an observant onlooker might have noticed a trace of anxiety in her manner. Nevertheless, they spent an hour before bedtime in talking of plans for the future.

On Monday afternoon his mother said, "Leonard, I feel the need of a little excitement. I do wish you would take me to Rangers' to-night—do, just for the fun of the thing!"

"My dear mother!" he protested. "It's scarcely the class of entertainment—"

"I know," she interrupted, "and that is just why I want to go. It will be such a change."

So, of course, they went.

Listlessly Leonard sat through the entertainment, watching horses and other animals perform various remarkable feats, none of which interested him in the slightest.

"Haven't you had enough, mother?" he asked irritably.

"We positively can't leave yet!" retorted Mrs. Matheson, who had kept up a semblance of enjoying

the show. "Why, we haven't seen the star turn yet! It's next on the programme, isn't it?"

"Yes!" he grunted. "Madame Something or other with her team of forest-bred lions, whose unequalled daring—do you want any more of it, mother? Now, just fancy a woman—a woman, mind you—doing work of this kind. She must be depraved—"

The words froze on his lips. The curtain of the stage behind the arena had risen, revealing, between the bars, some half dozen fine-looking lions. And there, in the midst of the lions, posing to a chord of the band, was Mary Merten, the girl he loved.

"My God!" The exclamation burst from him. Several people turned to look at him. But they evidently concluded that he had never been to a menagerie before and took no further notice.

His mother spoke to him, but he did not hear her. He sat petrified throughout the turn, while she handled the lions as if they had been kittens. Both the girl and the beasts appeared to be enjoying the whole thing thoroughly. But Leonard Matheson was suffering.

The climax of the turn came when she went up to the biggest of the lions and, tapping him peremptorily, took his great jaws in her tiny hands and appeared to force them open. Then, while the band suddenly ceased playing, she placed her head between the gleaming teeth.

Leonard Matheson, strong man as he thought himself to be, must have fainted momentarily; for he was recalled to consciousness by the vigorous clapping of the audience.

He arose from his seat and, completely forgetting his mother, made his way to the back of the arena.

He approached the ring-master.

"I must see Miss Merten!" he said.

"I am sorry, sir," replied the man; "but—"

"I tell you I must see her at once!" he flashed. Something in his eye told the ring-master that there would be a scene if he persisted in his refusal.

"George," he said to a subordinate, "take this gentleman 'behind' and then ask Miss Merten if she wishes to see him."

She kept him waiting several minutes while she rapidly changed into her ordinary dress.

As he was shown into her dressing-room she greeted him with a smile.

"I didn't know you were in the house—" she began, and stopped, for his face still showed signs of his ordeal.

He closed the door deliberately behind him.

"And I did not know," he said shakily, "that you—you did this!"

Even at that moment he could scarcely believe that he had indeed seen her in the lions' den. For she was again the gentle, clinging creature who had won his love.

"But, Leonard," she said, "when I asked you—that night—you said you did know."

"It was a misunderstanding!" he muttered.

She was beginning to realise what a shock it had been to him.

"And—now that you do know?" she asked.

"I am horrified!" he answered.

For an instant her lip trembled, and she seemed on the verge of tears; but beneath her gentleness was an unusual strength of character, and she controlled herself.

"Very well," she said as firmly as she could, although she looked just like a child who had determined not to cry at any cost. "I am sorry that I unintentionally deceived you. I—I release you from your promise."

He stared at her almost stupidly.

"What good would that do?" he demanded.

"If you think it—such a very disreputable way of earning a living—"

Suddenly he seemed to spring into life.

"Disreputable be hanged!" he cried. "It's not that at all—you entirely misunderstand. Listen, Mary, I've been a conceited fool. Before I met you I had absurd ideas about women. I should have said that a woman who could do what you have done must be degraded. But the awful thing that I have lived through to-night has changed me in some way. When I saw you with those beasts—" He struggled to control himself.

"I think," he said more calmly, "that it made a man of me, although it showed me that I was a coward. I can't live through another night of it, Mary. I should go mad! To think if one of those brutes should turn surly—"

He caught her in his arms and went on. "If you love me, darling, you must break your contract and refuse to appear again. I have quite a lot of money saved and will pay the damages gladly. And we can be married by special licence. Come, what do you say? You shan't refuse," he added firmly.

"I don't want to refuse," she replied softly.

As he left her that night he said:

"And to think that you—you—are afraid of mice!"

"Oh, that's quite different!" she laughed.

And Leonard Matheson reflected that all nice women are afraid of mice, even if they happen to like playing with lions.

A Doctor Gone Under!

SEES
FOR
MEN
2" & 3"
LIGHT

An M.D. Who Was a
Slave to Drugs Tells
How He Worked Out
His Salvation.

THE other day I came across a statement to the effect that a professional man who once sinks into the mud never by any chance swims on the surface again.

As a general rule that statement is, I believe, solid enough fact; but as a universal truth it doesn't come up to the standard of Euclid, for I, the possessor of a medical degree, have been in the depths and am there no longer.

My fall was gradual, but sure, and for years I knew that I was bound for the doss-house and the parish infirmary; but, horrible to say, though the picture of a pauper's end was always before my eyes, I could do nothing to stop my progress to it.

I was a morphomaniac—a slave to the drug-habit.

At last it came about that though my name was still on the medical register I was unable to earn a penny-piece by the exercise of my profession. Shortly afterwards I reached the last stage but one of my pilgrimage—the doss-house.

From Doss-House to Ship's Trimmer.

It was in a common lodging-house that I met the man who unwittingly put me in the way of working out my salvation. He was a drunken, degraded ship's fireman, and in a spirit of pure pity he suggested that I should go to sea with him as his "trimmer."

I consented, and after some trouble he fixed me up for a voyage on a tramp steamer.

I shall never forget the terrible strain of my first four hours' watch in the stokehold.

My fireman and I were allotted to three fires in a double stoke-pit—that is to say, we had fires at our backs as well as those in front of us.

The first thing that is done by a fireman and his trimmer when they go on watch is to "pull out" one of their three fires. Thus, as each of the three watches does a fire, every fire is "pulled out" once in twelve hours.

Try to imagine yourself standing in front of the open furnace, jabbing and stirring up the raging fire with a pointed poker 12 feet long and weighing about $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., while the fireman is standing by your side singling out the useless slag and white-hot

clinkers that are choking the fire, and bringing them out, with a rake as long as your slicing-bar, into a fiery heap at your feet.

Then try to fancy another man casting buckets of water on the flaming mass and raising clouds of scalding steam and acrid dust, dust that is sometimes red-hot and sears your skin as it drops on you, dust that always gets into your smarting eyes and parched throat.

That was the sort of thing that went on for the first half-hour of every watch, and it was the work of my first half-hour in the stokehold.

What work for a soft-handed, flabby professional man of nearly forty years of age! Do you wonder that during its continuance, on that and subsequent occasions, I was several times on the verge of throwing down my slicing-bar, rushing up the iron ladder that led to the deck, and throwing myself overboard?

Without Morphia for Three Days.

Then up to the stifling bunkers to spend the next three and a half hours in a thick atmosphere of choking coal dust, straining every muscle to send enough coal down the chute to satisfy the continuous demands of my fireman for "more coal!"

At the end of that first four hours' watch I was too exhausted to eat, and after washing and putting on dry clothes I just tumbled into my bunk and sank into a coma-like sleep before I had had time to give myself an injection of morphia; but the craving came on me when I awoke, feeling stiff and sore, some seven hours afterwards, and I satisfied it.

"Cheer up, matey!" said my fireman as we were going on watch again. "You didn't do 'arf bad, an' you'll find it easy enough after a day or two."

I never found the work "easy enough," or anything like it, but the power of enduring it without distress came to me. Then one day I awoke to the fact that I had not used morphia for three days. I had made no attempt to leave it off. I had simply forgotten to use it. That was a joyful day for me, for I realised that the fire had purged me of my infirmity in much the same way as it cleanses a foul clay pipe. I gleefully chucked my hypodermic syringe and my supply of morphia overboard.

I have never felt any desire for morphia since.

But though I had got rid of the curse that had pulled me down, I might have remained down if it had not been for an accident. In rough weather the captain sustained a bad compound fracture of the thigh. We carried no surgeon, and it would probably have cost him his life if there had been no skilled assistance at hand.

As soon as I heard of the accident, which was not

until the day after it happened, I went to the chief-engineer, showed him my diplomas, and volunteered my help. He took me to the captain, who was in a bad way, and gladly accepted my assistance, though I could see that he was very doubtful about my skill.

I nursed that captain assiduously, and at the next port we touched at, while he was still lying on his back, he signed me off a "trimmer" and put me on the ship's articles as "surgeon," so that I might get a footing as a ship's doctor.

With my qualifications and the discharge I got from that ship I had no difficulty in finding employment with a good passenger line, and I am now better off still.

WE MAKE YOU INTERESTING.

GIRLS are not so easily pleased as they used to be. Time was when any good-looking young man, in a steady position, could obtain and marry the girl of his heart.

In this advanced age, however, when there are women's societies for promoting most things under the sun, it is only the young man who looks interesting or out of the ordinary who stands a chance with the fair sex.

At least this is the idea, according to the advertisements of a beauty firm situated in the West End of London. For a certain fee this firm guarantees, by the aid of cosmetics and other devices to make you look so interesting as to please and fascinate any girl you come into contact with.

Many girls nowadays are interested in spiritualism and if you happen to know a young lady interested in this science all you have to do is to pay a visit—and the necessary fee—to the beauty specialist, and he will give your eyes "a peep into the future" look, which is guaranteed to make the lady at once intensely interested in you.

Other fair things are more interested in romance. This is where the specialist again scores, for the usual small fee he will, by the aid of a sharp instrument and a practised hand, make a long scar on your face that will give you the appearance of having been engaged in a duel at some period of your life. The look of adventure about you will thus appeal to the romantic young lady and, providing you live up to your appearance, all will be well.

"HARRIS and I have made a bet and agreed to leave it to you. He says a drowning man gets his lungs full of water, and I say he doesn't. Which of us is right?"

"What are the terms of the wager?"

"The loser is to pay for a dinner for the three of us."

"H'm! I never knew Harris to pay a bet. You lose."

SUNSTROKE WITHOUT SUN.

SUNSTROKE is seldom fatal in this country, but it may have very serious after-effects. It has been noticed in the Army and Navy that officers who have once had a severe sunstroke are seldom quite as efficient afterwards. They are sometimes inclined to deafness, often to ringing in the ears, and are always more inclined to come on the sick-list for trifling causes.

Sun is not necessary to sunstroke, a fact which explains why many doctors prefer to call it heat-stroke. You can get sunstroke before a hot fire, and many cases occur after the sun has set. You are most likely to get it if doing hard physical work. Ship stokers are peculiarly liable to it, and it is the usual cause of the suicides by drowning which occur so frequently among stokers at sea.

The chief tip about avoiding sunstroke is to take things easy in hot weather, particularly if you are run down physically, as sunstroke usually attacks people who are out of sorts. Army surgeons recommend keeping constantly wetted cloths under the hat when the temperature is abnormal, or cabbage leaves.

Sunstroke usually comes gradually in this country, the victim becoming more and more languid before he collapses. In hotter countries it usually comes with the suddenness of a stroke of apoplexy.

The first thing to do with anyone attacked by sunstroke is to lay them down in a dark room. Cold cloths should be applied to the head. If the pulse is very feeble, stimulants are needed.

A curious point about sunstroke that medical science is unable to explain is that the sufferer always gives off a curious mousey odour.

DO LINE-RICKS!

1st PRIZE 2nd PRIZE TEN PRIZES OF NO
£10 £5 £1 EACH ENTRY
FEE

HERE is a new and simple rhyming competition that should appeal to every reader of P.W. You take any one line in this copy of P.W.—it doesn't matter if it is in the reading matter or in the advertisements—and you make up a second line to rhyme with it.

To show you exactly what is meant, you will find on page 112, column 3, line 38, the line:

"Hate came into his eyes,"

and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example, as:

"He'd seen some German spies."

On page 104, column 2, line 76, you will find the line:

"You're running to fat. You eat and drink too much,"

and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example:

"You'll have to give up 'taters, and no more sweet things touch."

You can, if you like, choose your line from one of the titles of the articles or stories in this number. Suppose you choose the title to the article on this page:

"A Doctor Gone Under."

Then you could add the line:

"The Result of a Blunder."

You may choose a line from the advertisement columns if you wish. Here is a line taken from the red cover, line 11:

"Lifebuoy soap destroys the germs,"

and you add a second line:

"Quicker than early birds do worms."

Such a couplet as this we call a Line-rick.

Now set to work to make a Line-rick.

To the reader from whom the Editor receives what is considered to be the best Line-rick will be awarded the first prize of £10. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided.

When you have chosen your line, write it in full on the coupon below, together with the number of page, column, and line, then fill in your second rhyming line, your name and address, and put it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post to arrive not later than first post Tuesday morning, July 22nd. Mark your envelope "Line-rick No. 2" in the top left-hand corner.

LINE-RICK No. 2.

Page..... Column..... Line.....

Line chosen

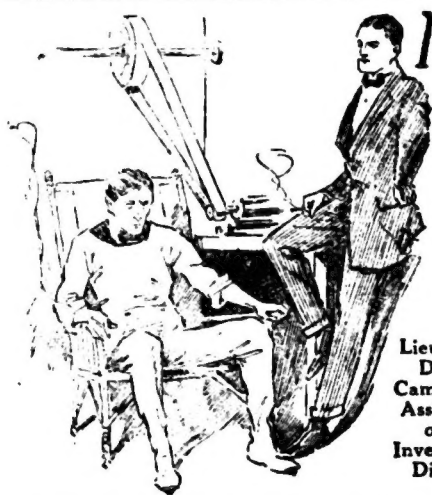
Rhyming line

I agree to abide by the decision published in "*Pearson's Weekly*" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in *Pearson's Weekly*.

Name

Address

Ninepence is the connecting link between a slum kiddy and the country. Will you forge a link?



How
Lieutenant
Daring
Came to the
Assistance
of an
Inventor in
Distress.

Means to an End

EDWARD CLIVE sank down in one of the shabby old basket-chairs in his little office-workroom a picture of misery and despair. He was a young man, but trouble and anxiety had already begun to age his face, his eyes were unhealthily bright, and his bony hands and long, thin fingers had a disturbing knack of twitching nervously almost incessantly.

"I can't stand much more of it, Daring," he said to the other occupant of the room. He spoke mournfully and listlessly. "I can't sleep, I can't eat, and I'm getting afraid to think. 'Pon my soul I've a good mind to—"

"To what?" asked Daring. "Here, have a cigarette, you old fool!"

"To turn traitor; to offer the thing to the Germans, or someone."

"Oh!" Daring was relieved; he had feared that his harassed and distressed friend was going to say something else. "Oh! Well, it would serve 'em jolly well right if you did. Our people, I mean. The beastly red tape of them makes me tired."

"Serve them right? I should say it would!" exclaimed Clive passionately. "Why, it's harder to make any impression on them than on—the rock of Gibraltar! If the junior official you have the misfortune to encounter does not, in his supreme wisdom, 'see anything' in your idea, you're done for; however valuable the work of your head and your hands may be, it's lost if the elegant understrapper who is told off to look into it hasn't got any imagination, any brains. Oh, it's hopeless!"

Clive spoke bitterly. Daring nodded sympathetically.

"I know, old man. The usual red tape formula, of course: 'I am instructed by the Secretary of the Admiralty to inform you that he regrets he is unable to accede to your request for a demonstration of your invention,' and so on. The same old story! They keep a staff of tame officials to put those printed regrets into envelopes and send them to you inventors, old son. I suppose it's all right most times—they get worried by thousands of madmen every year—but sometimes they miss something good. And then people ask awkward questions in the House of Commons and the newspapers. They want to know why France or Germany or Japan has got hold of something that England had the chance of, and said 'No, thanks' to."

"They've said 'No, thanks' to me three times now," muttered Clive fiercely. He got up and moved restlessly about the little room. "I'm hanged if I'll give them another chance! Why should I? I'm not a philanthropist. God knows I can't afford to be that. I'm a business man. I've got something to sell, and I'll sell it in any market where they'll buy! I must, if only for my wife's sake. 'Take her away to the sun,' said the doctor to me yesterday. I know what he meant—take her to the sun if you want to keep her, that's what he meant. And I haven't got ten pounds in the world!"

Daring looked sharply at his friend as he spoke. The inventor was plainly so full of worry about his wife and his financial affairs as to be dangerously near breaking-point. Daring felt that unless Clive's fortunes mended soon some dreadful tragedy might easily happen. Something had to be done to help him, it was very evident. The sailor got up and walked over to what seemed to be a mass of wires and coils and other electrical apparatus in a corner of the office.

"How do you work it?" he asked interestedly.

Clive stopped walking restlessly about, came over, and began to explain. He had all the inventor's pride and enthusiasm in his work.

"It's as simple as A B C. You just switch on here, send your wireless force out, and the compass of every ship within a fifty-mile radius is instantly rendered useless. So long as you send your current out into the atmosphere the compass needles of all ships within fifty miles just race round and round madly. I had this place in Hayling rigged up with

the idea of giving the Admiralty a special practical demonstration, but nothing will move them."

"I'm not so sure about that!" muttered Daring; "but how would you work things?"

"Fit every British battleship with my invention; they'd just turn it on at will, and no other ships would be able to move about with certainty. At night they'd be especially helpless."

"Yes, that sounds all right, but wouldn't they render each other helpless, too?" objected Daring. "It wouldn't be much good for a British ship to send the compasses of, say, all the German ships in her neighbourhood mad if she did likewise to all the British ones. We'd be as badly off as our rivals then."

Clive smiled.

"Oh, I've got over that difficulty. See here." He opened a small wooden box and drew out a little compass. "Here's a compass that isn't affected by my wireless waves. It took me a year to work it out, and the people who will give me a price for the one invention will be glad to give me a price for the other. They fit their ships with my wireless and my compass, and there you are!"

Daring looked at Clive with admiration.

"Well, all I can say is that you're a genius, old chap, if you're sure of what you say. My hat! Why, with these fitted up we could control the sea by pressing a button, so to speak! Nobody would dare to venture out of port for fear of their compass needles starting to chase round like a dog trying to catch his tail. You've done lots of experimenting, of course?"

"In a careful way, yes; on lakes and rivers, you know. I'm afraid to try anywhere else. Why, man alive, I daren't! Think what would happen if I did it here—three miles from Portsmouth Harbour! I'd have thousands of compasses running riot, and get goodness knows what if they found out about me."

"I don't know so much about that," replied Daring coolly. "You've the Postmaster-General's permission to have a wireless mast and aerials up here, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I'm all right so far as that's concerned! But—here, I say, what are you trying to do?"

Daring had carelessly taken hold of the controlling lever of the apparatus. Clive caught his arm and tried to pull him away, but Daring only smiled and pushed him gently aside.

"If Mohammed can't come to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mohammed," he said enigmatically. "You haven't got ten pounds in the wide, you say, and the doctor has prescribed sun for your wife? Very well, what's the secret of all this worth to you, eh?"

"I don't know—twenty thousand, perhaps. Look here, I say, you mustn't—"

"Nearer fifty thousand, I should say," went on Daring imperturbably. "Now, for goodness' sake keep quiet, and—"

"And what?" asked Clive, in a hushed voice.

"Watch me start to earn fifty thousand pounds for you," laughed Daring.

Three days passed, three days full of strange happenings which puzzled the scientific world, alarmed seamen all over the globe, and provided the general public with much deep and disturbing speculation.

On three different occasions, twice in the daytime and once at night, amazing reports had come in from the sea round about Portsmouth. For spells of a minute—the hour was precisely the same all round—the compasses of hundreds of ships of all descriptions had "gone mad." Without any warning the needles had begun to dance meaninglessly, first one way and then another, and the compasses thus affected might as well have been at the bottom of the sea, for any use they were while the inexplicable performance lasted.

The newspapers were full of the weird occurrences, and learned professors and experts advanced various ingenious theories in the matter. Some suggested a general electrical disturbance as the cause, others claimed that a terrible earthquake must have taken place in some obscure corner of the universe; and many laughed openly, and suggested a general and too free indulgence in alcoholic refreshment on the part of British seamen as the solution of the mystery.

On the third day Lieutenant Daring came up from Hayling Island, where he had been spending a portion of his week's leave, to London, and called at the Admiralty Offices on business. He happened to arrive at the Admiralty just as the First Lord stepped out of his motor-car, and he stood aside to allow the official chief of the Navy to pass.

The First Lord looked in Daring's direction and recognised him at once with a cheery smile.

"Hullo, Daring!" he said. "I haven't seen you since you kidnapped the people who were trying to kidnap me from the Naval Ball at Southsea. How are you? Fit? Good! Wait and see me after you've done your business here; I want to talk to you about that gun of yours we've taken up."

He waved the young officer a smiling au revoir and disappeared into his private apartments in the big building.

Half an hour later he had received Daring and cleared up one or two points about the latter's new anti-aeroplane gun. Then the officer skilfully led the conversation round to the subject of the moment: luck had so far played into his hands wonderfully, and he did not intend to throw away the chance that had come his way if he could possibly take it fully.

"Frankly, it beats me!" admitted the First Lord. "We've consulted all sorts of experts in the hope of clearing up the mystery, but we don't seem to get any light on it. It's almost uncanny. Have you got any notions on the matter?"

"Everything seems to have been thought of and rejected," said Daring, with a little shrug of his shoulders. "Of course you've gone into the possibility of some inventor being at work, haven't you?"

He watched the First Lord keenly under his eye-lashes as he threw out this seemingly speculative shot. The First Lord started, hesitated for a couple of seconds, and then pressed an electric bell.

"Jove, I don't believe we have!" he exclaimed. A messenger appeared. "Ask Mr. Francis to come here, please."

"Francis," he went on, turning to Daring, "deals with most of the inventors who call or send their ideas in to us. He may perhaps remember something."

Daring said nothing, but he made up his mind that Francis should be helped to remember.

"Oh—Francis, this is Lieutenant Daring!" The perfectly groomed, dark young man bowed. "He has just suggested that all this compass trouble at Portsmouth may perhaps be traced to the working or experimenting of some inventor. I suppose you don't remember anyone ever sending in or suggesting an invention connected with compasses?"

Mr. Francis permitted himself to smile—a sort of superior little smile.

"I don't, sir. You see, we get so many—or—inventions submitted to us that it is difficult to recall the precise details of all of them. Of course—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the First Lord impatiently, "but surely if someone has recently sent in anything to do with the compass you can recall it? There can't be many inventions of that nature, you know."

The young man considered for some moments.

"I have some vague recollection of something of such a nature, sir," he said at length. "I do not remember the details, but I think the idea was absurd and impracticable. I will consult my colleague on the subject, sir, if I may?"

"Do!" said the First Lord. "And let me know soon, please."

"The red tape of some of these fellows makes me tired," he said to Daring, when Mr. Francis had softly retired. "I shouldn't be a scrap surprised if one of them has turned down the invention that's causing all this bother."

Mr. Francis returned, looking as cool and unperturbed as ever.

"I have made inquiries, sir. One of my colleagues reminds me that we have on three occasions within the past year or so received particulars of a scheme of throwing compasses out of gear by wireless. The inventor has been rather persistent, it seems, and has applied for permission to give a practical demonstration of his apparatus. But my colleague, to whom the applications were handed over to deal with, did not consider the scheme sufficiently important to warrant us making further inquiries into it."

The First Lord of the Admiralty gave expression to an impatient remark.

"Then your colleague appears to be singularly lacking in common sense and imagination," he snapped.

"Can he remember the inventor's name and address?"

"To the best of his recollection, sir, the man's name was Clive, but he cannot—"

"Clive!" exclaimed Daring, with admirably simulated astonishment. "Not Edward Clive?"

"I am afraid I do not know that," said Mr. Francis stiffly.

Daring turned to the First Lord.

"I know an inventor man named Clive. It might possibly be he."

"Well, if you know where he is, for goodness' sake wire to him to come here at once and see me!" said the First Lord. "We won't have any more red tape business if he's got the mystery of all these mad compasses up his sleeve—and to sell to us."

By the end of the week Edward Clive and his wife were aboard the boat train at Charing Cross, bound for the South of France and the sun.

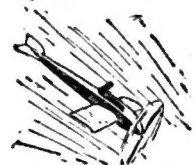
"She's better already," whispered Clive to Daring, who had come to see them off. "The very knowledge that she can now have practically anything that money can buy has done her more good than anything else since she first fell ill. And it's all due to you, old chap."

Daring smiled.

"Well, something had to be done to buck them, and you, up," he said. "My demonstrations were a means to an end—and the end was justified."

If money really could talk it would say, "Send ninepence to the P.A.F. to-day."

Tricks of Racing Air-men



Big Pieces Cut off the Wings of an Aeroplane Increase its Speed. The Petrol is Doped With Ether to Aid Climbing.

At the present time aeroplane constructors are engaged in a strenuous fight to outdo each other in the production of a machine that can break the standing aerial records. For an aeroplane that can climb into the air more quickly than its rivals, carry a greater number of passengers, or in other directions excel in aerial navigation generally, is likely to attract substantial orders for machines of similar pattern.

As a result, many ingenious ruses have sprung into existence by means of which constructors endeavour to coax record-breaking feats out of their aeroplanes.

In this connection a favourite trick is to fill an aeroplane up with a cargo of children in order to establish a new passenger record. The present rules dealing with passenger-carrying flights merely state that the machine that is capable of flying with the greatest number of "persons" shall be awarded the record for this branch of aerial work.

There are no limitations regarding the age or weight of the passengers, with the result that the present aeroplane passenger record was accomplished by packing a machine with ten little children and two adults, for children do not weigh much and take up little room.

How Ether Helps Climbing.

It is very possible that this growing practice will shortly be put a stop to, for a number of protests have been made by various people, who point out that should an accident occur many of these infants' lives would probably be sacrificed to this wild desire to carry out a record-breaking feat.

One of the most ingenious methods of coaxing climbing power out of an aeroplane is the doping of the petrol with ether. This results in increased explosive power, and adds several extra units of horse-power to the engine.

Although one result of this trick is to knock to pieces very quickly the delicate aeroplane engine into which such petrol is introduced, its effects on the behaviour of the machine are extraordinary.

Experiments have shown that an aeroplane equipped with petrol doped with ether can climb a thousand feet in nearly a minute less than the time it would take with unadulterated spirit, whilst such a concoction adds at least an extra five miles to the speed of the machine.

It is, of course, considered very bad form to use doped petrol when out to break records, and it is now customary to state that "ordinary petrol" must be used when flying-men send out challenges in flying races.

Freak Machines for Dare-Devs.

In their desire to obtain the speed record and to win the big aviation speed contest, manufacturers have designed a number of "freak machines." They are built solely for breaking records, and only first-class pilots dare fly them. Engines of enormous power are placed in such aeroplanes, which are generally of the monoplane or two-winged type, and the constructional details are cut down to the minimum of strength and safety in order to abolish extra weight.

A trick of constructors who seek speed records is to cut big pieces off the ends of the wings until the supporting surface is nearly half that of a normal aeroplane. Not only does this knock off weight, but wings clipped in this fashion offer little resistance to the air and cut quickly through it. An aeroplane doctored in this fashion at present holds the speed record of 108 miles an hour.

In order to capture long-distance or speed records over country, pilots will often wait for days until they get a strong wind blowing in the correct direction.

With a 20-mile wind behind him a skilled pilot can so manoeuvre his machine that he can obtain phenomenal speed and accomplish lengthy non-stop flights, even with a low-powered engine.

Many records have been secured in the aviation world by the timely assistance of Nature, who provided a steady, favourable breeze that was not sufficiently gusty to seriously disturb a clever wind-fighting pilot's attempt on an aerial record.

The SUR—PRIZES Column.

Enter the Simple Competitions Below and Win a Prize.

Why Did the Turkey Trot?

TURKEY Trots, Bunny Hugs, and other American dances are still all the rage. What we want to know, however, is, "Why did the Turkey Trot?" For the ten best replies we will give Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Turkey." See conditions below.

Ten Watches for Limericks.

You all know what a Limerick is. We want a last line to the Limerick beginning:

"There once was an actress and she
Was as pretty as pretty could be,
When a peer to her said,
'Dearest, shall we be wed?'"

Well, what did she say? For the ten best last lines Silver Watches will be awarded. Mark postcards "Actress." See conditions below.

Which Would You Prefer?

Which would you rather have, a combined hand and shaving mirror, a silver watch, or five shillings? Write and tell us in as funny a way as you can, and if yours is one of the ten funniest reasons we receive you will get the thing you choose. Limit your reason to twenty words. Mark postcards "Choice." See conditions below.

RULES FOR THE SUR—PRIZES COLUMN CONTESTS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 11, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these surprise column competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, July 22.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"FOND" CONTEST.

"Why is an aeroplane like a pair of fond lovers?" For the best replies to this question prizes of five watches were offered, and these were won by: Mrs. Broughton, 12 Preston Old Rd., Blackpool; A. E. Clancy, 25 Victoria Rd., Clapham, S.W.; H. S. Goodyer, 36 Villa Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham; Mrs. M. E. Rudd, Ivy Bank, Stoke Green, Coventry; G. Young, Army Service Corps, Belfast.

"IRONING" CONTEST.

The following five lady competitors submitted the best solutions of the problem: "Why is ironing on a warm summer's day like a strawberry ice?" and have each received the prize of a blue-bird brooch: Mrs. M. M. Blencowe, 8 Richmond Terr., Kingsland Rd., Salisbury; Mrs. M. E. Brown, 51 Mayo Ave., Bradford; Mrs. McKenzie, 52 Commissioner St., Crieft, Perth; Mrs. W. Montgomery, 42 Marion Rd., Sheffield; Miss Wilkinson, 123 Percy Rd., Shepherd's Bush.

"M.C.C." CONTEST.

Prizes of five combined shaving and hand mirrors were offered to readers who take an interest in cricket for the best answers to the question, "What did the M.C.C.?" The winners were as follows: W. Barkie, Hill Hall, Lishurn, Ireland; A. R. Cooke, 43 Kelly St., Greenock; J. G. Holt, 4 Earl St., Mossley, Manchester; H. B. Hooper, Osbourne, Folkestone, Kent; E. J. Hunt, 100 Commercial St., Spitalfields, E.

"GOOD" CONTEST.

"Why is our Weather Contest like a good holiday?" Competitors were asked to supply answers to this question, and for the best attempts sent in the prizes of five manicure sets have been thus awarded: L. Francis, 21 Colton St., Leicester; Mrs. F. Hartwell, Lansdowne, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos.; J. Munn, Arthur St., Paisley; F. Smith, 18 Pearl St., Carlisle; Batley; Miss Wilkinson, 123 Percy Rd., Shepherd's Bush.

"WOMAN" CONTEST.

For the best sentences formed with any four lines selected from different parts of the story, "His Woman of Mystery," appearing in the issue of P.W., dated June 21, the prizes of five half-crown postal orders were won by the following: J. E. Arrowsmith, 190 Oldham Rd., Falsworth, Manchester; A. Birchenough, Gunner, R.M.A., H.M.S. *Temeraire*, Home Fleet; Mrs. M. E. Rudd, Ivy Bank, Stoke Green, Coventry; Mrs. M. E. Silver, 8 Curzon Rd., Ealing, W.; Miss A. M. Smith, 2 Edgeley Rd., Flixton, Lancs.

"TRAMP" CONTEST.

A good answer to the inquiry, "Why I dislike soap," supposed to be written by a tramp, was asked for, and for the best contributions the following have been awarded the five stylo pens offered: H. Adkin, 23 Stanley St., Burton-on-Trent; A. Blake, 11A Vera Rd., Fulham, S.W.; W. H. Mott, 15 Lower Harding St., Northampton; C. Roberts, 58 Ashford Rd., Swindon, Wilts; Miss E. Treacy, 24 Kimberley St., Sunderland.

When Curates get Rises

One Can Rise from a £150 a Year Curate to a £10,000 Bishop.

By A PARSON.

THERE is an extraordinary amount of ignorance as to the prospects and scope of a young man whose choice turns to the clerical profession. Only the other day a father said to me, "My boy wants to be a parson. What does the profession offer? Seems to me he'll have to be a curate for some years, and then perhaps he'll get a living, and perhaps he won't! And the 'living,' from what I can gather, might be £60 or £600 a year."

Here, now, are the possibilities. It must be said at once that ability is good, but ability plus influence is better!

He will begin at twenty-three as a curate in "deacon's orders." His stipend will be from £130 to £150 for that year. As stipends are rising it is quite easy to obtain the latter.

In his second year he will be in "priest's orders," and get £150 to £170. At the end of this year he will probably seek another curacy, and there will be a struggle to get him. Clergy are scarce! He may now be a curate-in-charge, which means that he will have charge of a mission or district church, but not be independent of the vicar of the mother parish.

He may be given the "Easter Offerings" at his church, and these may, according to the class of congregation, be anything from £3 to £20. He may have a house rent free, too. From here he may seek a post as priest-in-charge, which means that he is in charge of a district, independent; but the district is not a parish. His stipend may be £200 and possibly a house. This represents the limit for a curate.

May Be Offered a Living.

If he is energetic, and has done good work—preaching is not the great factor in the Established Church—the Bishop or a private patron may offer him a living. There are thousands of "livings" which only men with private incomes can accept, but we will assume that the one offered him is £250 and a house—the vicarage.

After many formalities he is duly inducted and instituted, and pays out royally in fees at every step. He is probably crippled financially for a couple of years as the result. But he is independent—his own master.

He has no rent to pay, but his rates are very heavy, and he must keep the vicarage in perfect repair. As most vicarages are old, his yearly expenditure in this respect will probably be more than the rental equivalent. After a few years in this position he may be made a Rural Dean, which is a post without salary. He will summon meetings of the clergy in his rural deanery—a group of parishes—entertain them to luncheon and tea, send out forms, inspect the churches, and do just as little, or as much, as he likes to justify his rural deanship.

At this stage he may be offered an honorary canonry. No stipend, but more honour! He will be Canon So-and-so, and will preach at the cathedral once or twice a year. He will be the railway fares out of pocket! If he were offered a resident canonry, that would be worth having. The stipends vary from £1,000 down to £600 and £500.

£2,800 a Year as a Dean.

Supposing, however, that no canonries come his way and that he still remains a vicar and rural dean, he might be offered the post of Archdeacon, and be a sort of deputy for the Bishop in various tasks that do not actually require a live Bishop.

Some Archdeacons carry stipends, but the majority do not, and if the one which is offered to him is one of the "not" he will have to decline it, for the expenses attaching will be great.

There is, too, a possibility, but not a great probability, that he might be made a Dean! The value of Deaneries varies from £2,800 downwards, but not very far down! There will be a delightful house as well. His duties? To preside over cathedral affairs and to write his memoirs.

Last of all he may rise to the giddy height of a Bishop. £4,000 to £10,000 will be his remuneration, plus a palace. Custom and circumstance will be too much for him here, and so he will have a job in making both ends meet, and will die a poor man. At any rate, the clerical profession is full of glorious uncertainty.

Setting a Thief



A Tale of Three
Rogues Who
Robbed One
Another.

By
T. C. BRIDGES.

THERE was the usual low hum of conversation in the tailor's shop of Moorlands Prison, yet every man's head was bent to his work and not a lip seemed to be moving.

Bernard Selby laid down the canvas mail-bag he was stitching, and held his needle up against the light. "Pass me the thread, Pryor," he said to his next neighbour, an olive-skinned, youngish man, with keen, dark eyes set close on each side of his narrow nose.

"Blowed if that ain't the first thing you've said in two hours," replied the other as he handed the reel of thread. "What's worrying you, matey?"

Without moving his head, Selby gave Pryor a quick glance.

"When do you go out?" he asked.

"My time's up next Tuesday," answered the other in some surprise. "You're pretty near due out, too, ain't you?"

"Thursday, if my reckoning's right," said Selby. "What are you going to do when you get out?"

"That's telling!" rejoined Pryor, with a shadow of a grin on his thin lips.

"Well, look here," said Selby as he threaded his needle and set to stitching again. "Are you game to make a bit on the square?"

"I'm game for anything with cash at the end of it," was the answer. "Cough it up, matey."

Selby glanced at the warder on guard, but that worthy was in the act of stifling a yawn of utter boredom.

"It's this way," he said. "I've got some stuff planted. They tried to make me own up where it was, but they couldn't do it, and to the best of my belief it's safe to this minute."

"I see," interrupted Pryor. "They'll have a 'trap' on you as soon as you get outside."

"That's it! I shall be shadowed every minute in the hope that I shall lead them to it. I want you to get the stuff for me, and I'm willing to give you twenty quid for the job."

Pryor's beady little eyes gleamed.

"How much is it?" he asked in his lipless whisper.

"A thousand—all in notes."

"By gum, that's worth more than twenty to fetch for you! Suppose I get dragged with the stuff about me?"

"There's no risk of that, for they won't suspect you. They've no notion where the stuff is hidden either. Still, if you pull it off I'll make it fifty."

"Right, matey, it's a go! Where do we meet?"

"London. Listen now. My address is 37 Moreton Street, West Central. You come there at seven o'clock on Friday evening—the arca door, mind—and ask for Mr. Bernard."

"Thirty-seven, Moreton Street," repeated Pryor, "and ask for Mister Bernard. Right oh! I sha'n't forget."

It is one of the mysterious points in our prison system that, for some reason clear only to those in authority, a convict is never told in advance the exact day on which he will be released.

Of course, he generally has a pretty shrewd idea, for each man keeps a little calendar on his slate, and then there are such signs as the omission of the weekly head-clipping and the measuring for a suit of liberty clothes.

As it happened, Selby was exactly right in his calculations, and on Wednesday night was suddenly ordered to leave the cell which he had occupied for the better part of four years, and taken down into one of the special cells on the ground floor. Pryor had been released the day before.

"So I'm to go out to-morrow?" Selby said to the warder.

"Aye, my lad," answered the warder, a good-hearted fellow named Trist. "And the best thing I can wish you is that I may never see you again."

"Not in here at any rate," said Selby, with a smile.

"Here's your clothes," said Trist, pointing to a neat blue serge suit lying on the cot. "And don't be in too much of a hurry to try 'em on. Your train don't leave till nine o'clock to-morrow morning. I'll fetch your supper along in a few minutes."

Selby turned in early, but not to sleep. It takes the old lag, who has already done half a dozen stretches, to sleep on his last night in prison. He lay for hours thinking over his plans for the future. Morning came at last—and breakfast. Then a shave and a careful toilet. It was a real joy to put on thin, soft underwear instead of the harsh prison flannel, to don a white collar and tie and properly blacked boots.

It seemed a long time before anyone came near him, but at last the key turned in the lock and Trist appeared again.

"Thought I was never coming, I'll be bound!" he smiled. "But it's not much past eight yet."

There were one or two formalities to go through. Selby's watch and other personal belongings were restored to him. He signed for their receipt, then at last he was outside the prison gates and walking beside Trist down the wide village street towards the railway station.

There was no one to meet him. He had only one near relative, and that man the last person whom he wanted to see, but he rather wondered that there was no sign of the expected detective. The chances were, however, that this gentleman would be in wait at the station.

But there was no one on the platform whom he could spot as the personage in question, and Trist bought his ticket for London and saw him into the train.

"Good luck to you!" said the kindly warder.

"You've given no trouble up there"—pointing back with his thumb to the prison—"and I hope you won't give trouble now you're outside. Mind and show your ticket to the police every month. Good-bye!"

The train steamed off, and Selby dropped back into his seat with the oddest feeling of loss and loneliness.

Every action of his life had been ordered for so long that it was hard to realise that at last he was once more a free man. Luckily, he had the carriage to himself, and by the time he reached Plymouth had got over the first strangeness.

At North Road he had some little time to wait for the London train. He bought a paper, and, taking a seat on a bench in a corner, watched the hurrying people.

A ginger-haired man in a badly made tweed suit and a hard hat passed him twice, and Selby, watching him carefully, felt a little thrill of excitement. For if he were not greatly mistaken, here at last was the detective. He did not move or look up, but all the same he watched the man keenly, and presently realised that the latter was not by any means sure of his quarry.

This tickled him greatly, and he resolved to let him worry as long as possible. When the London train at last came roaring in he did not move, and was rewarded by seeing the detective displaying signs of excitement.

Suddenly the detective bolted away up the platform, and a stout man leaned out of a carriage window and spoke to him. At sight of the latter Selby's eyes gleamed, and involuntarily his fists clenched. He got up quickly and stood close by the train.

Doors were slamming, the guard was waving his flag. Selby waited till the train was almost moving, then darted back, and, elbowing the detective aside, sprang into the same carriage with the stout man. As he slammed the door to behind him the train started.

"What do you mean by it? Why did you push my friend aside?" began the stout man angrily. Then he recognised Selby, and, with a gasping cry of alarm, made for the door.

"I wouldn't if I were you, Philip," coolly remarked Bernard Selby. "She's doing thirty already, and she doesn't stop this side of Exeter."

Philip Ramsden glanced at the communication cord.

"Penalty for pulling that is five pounds," observed Bernard. "And you know you'd hate to shell out five pounds."

Ramsden dropped heavily on the seat opposite. Selby laughed.

"Jove, this makes up for a lot, to see you again, Philip. But you're not looking well, my good cousin. You're running to fat. You eat and drink too much. You ought to try the health resort on the moor which I've just left."

"I don't want to talk to you! I won't talk to you!" stammered Ramsden, quivering with fury.

"You don't have to. I'm doing the talking. All the same, I should be glad to hear how you're getting on. Has the money you stole from me made you a millionaire yet?"

"It never was yours!" retorted Ramsden, with some show of spirit.

"Come, now! If I hadn't had a pretty good claim to it you wouldn't have taken so much trouble to get me put away."

"You scoundrel, you were convicted of stealing my money!"

"So I was. But you know as well as I do that I only took what was my own. Uncle Daniel left me half of everything."

"That will wasn't signed. It goes for nothing," broke in Ramsden.

"Aye, in law, but not in justice. Strictly speaking, I ought to have had over four thousand pounds. As it was, I only got a thousand."

"The money was legally all mine," insisted Ramsden.

"And you can't say I was hard on you. I wouldn't have prosecuted if you'd put it back."

"But I didn't put it back. And you couldn't get out of me where I'd hidden it."

Ramsden gave the other a queer look. After that he remained obstinately silent. At Exeter he scrambled hurriedly out of the carriage, and Selby saw him no more.

Back in London, Selby slept in his old digging. Friday morning he spent doing some necessary shopping. He had still a small balance at his bank, which would last him till he could recover his hidden capital.

He had almost hoped that he had shaken off Ramsden's detective. But the latter was cuter than he had fancied, and when he reached his rooms again the slinking form was dodging about on the opposite side of the street. Ramsden was evidently taking no chances, and Selby was glad indeed that he had secured Pryor's assistance.

Seven o'clock found him waiting for Pryor, and the hour had only just struck when the ex-convict was announced.

"I seed the nark as I come in," said Pryor.

"You needn't worry about him," replied Selby. "I'm going to take him off the scent before you start out. See?"

Pryor nodded.

"Aye, that'll be best. And now what about these here fims?"

Selby looked hard at the man.

"You'll play the game?" he said.

"S'welp me, I never went back on a pal!" was the reply.

"Then here's what you've got to do. D'ye know Ormonde Street?"

"Aye, I knows it."

"Go to Number 127. It's an old house on the right-hand side going east. Ring and ask for Mrs. Angus. Probably she'll open the door herself, for she's the caretaker. Give her this note, and she'll let you in at once."

"What, does she know where the goods are?" asked Pryor.

"No; I wouldn't tell her on purpose, for they might have made it hot for her if they'd thought she knew. She's my old nurse, and will do anything for me. Now listen. Go up to the second floor, and into the bedroom on the right. Behind the bedroom is an old powdering closet, a little room panelled up to the ceiling. The notes are behind the middle panel in the top of the left-hand wall."

"I'm on it. Shall I want tools?"

"Yes, a screwdriver will do. The panel sounds solid but it comes out easily enough. When you've got the packet, bring it straight back to me, and"—pulling a wash-leather bag out of his pocket—"your money's here in gold."

Pryor's beady eyes gleamed.

"Right, mate! I'll be back in an hour if all goes well. Now you get on out and take the 'trap' off the track. Then I'll push along."

Selby led the wretched detective a three-mile walk round through back streets and bye lanes. He got home a little after eight, but Pryor had not returned. Time passed slowly.

By nine he was getting very anxious. When ten came and there was still no sign of the ex-convict he felt certain that something had happened. It was just possible that his cousin had been cunning enough to have the house in Ormonde Street watched. If this were so, then Pryor had probably been caught as he left it. In that case there would be nothing for him but to go himself to the police and explain. He could not let Pryor suffer in his stead.

But that would mean fresh trouble for himself, besides the loss of the money. And what a triumph for Philip Ramsden! He ground his teeth at the thought.

He passed an anxious night, and first thing next morning posted off to the address Pryor had given him down in Stepney. The ginger-haired detective was not visible, but he had a strong suspicion that another man was shadowing him. He was too worried to care.

He found the house without much trouble, only to be told that Pryor had not been seen since the previous afternoon.

He went home again and waited. But no one came, and he was at his wits' end what to do. He was reckoning on that thousand pounds to take him to Australia and give him a new start in life.

As he sat by the window he heard a raucous shout below.

"Evening paiper! All the winners!"

Suddenly it occurred to him that the paper might possibly give him news.

He hurried down, and, thrusting a coin into the boy's hand, snatched a paper and went back to his room.

Eagerly, he glanced through the columns, but could at first see nothing. Then on the third page this heading caught his eyes:—

ARREST OF A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE IN EAST LONDON.

"About nine o'clock this morning," ran the paragraph, "a man entered the Bull and Mouth public-house in Stepney, ordered a whisky-and-soda and offered a five-pound note in payment. Mr. Conley, the landlord, had his suspicions and examined the note carefully. It proved to be a forgery, and he at once called the police."

"The man offered a desperate resistance, but was

* Notes

overpowered and taken to the police-station, where an oilskin packet was found upon him containing nearly a thousand pounds' worth of similar bogus notes. They are said to be excellent imitations, and the police attach considerable importance to this arrest. The identity of the prisoner is not yet definitely ascertained, but the police believe him to be a ticket-of-leave man named Pryor, who was released from Moorlands Prison only a few days ago."

In the "Stop Press" column was a further note. "Pryor declares that he stole the notes, believing them genuine, from a house in Ormonde Street. This house belongs to a Mr. Philip Ramsden."

Pryor arrested for passing false notes! Pryor with a thousand pounds' worth of false notes in his possession! The notes that he himself had left in the Ormonde Street house were genuine enough. He could swear to that. What did it all mean? Selby's brain whirled. He dropped the paper and buried his head in his hands.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. Like a flash the truth had come to him. Ramsden—it was Ramsden who had done this thing. His precious cousin had somehow discovered his hiding-place, had taken the real notes and substituted bogus ones. He had done it in the hope and expectation that he—Selby—would be caught just as Pryor had been, and sent back to penal servitude for a longer term than before.

"The sweep!" he muttered, grinding his teeth. And then the desire came upon him to see his cousin at once and tell him just what he thought of him.

A foolish, childish desire, yet one which for the life of him he could not resist. He seized his hat, and twenty minutes later was ringing the bell at Ramsden's house in Edwardes Square.

It was Ramsden himself, evidently just going out, who opened the door, and at sight of his caller his fat face went sickly white and he staggered back against the wall.

Selby shut the door behind him. All of a sudden he was cool again.

"Seen the paper, Philip?" he asked. Ramsden tried to speak, but only made an ugly gurgling sound in his throat.

"Messsed it up this time, haven't you?" said Selby. "Got the wrong man lagged. Well, he deserves it, for he was trying to steal my money. But what's going to happen now? Pryor's given it away that he found the stuff in the Ormonde Street house, and by this time everyone knows that that house is yours. Bit awkward for you, isn't it?"

"Go away! Get out of my house!" gasped Ramsden, recovering the use of his tongue. "I'll call the police if you don't!"

His face had gone from sickly yellow to livid purple. His eyes bulged. He was an ugly sight.

Selby quietly opened the front door.

"Go on, call them! There's one round the corner in the High Street. Bah, you know you daren't!"

Ramsden took a step forward. Suddenly his knees gave under him, and with a deep groan he collapsed in a heap in the narrow hall.

Selby stared at him a moment, then shut the door again and looked at his cousin more closely. Ramsden was insensible and breathing stertorously. Selby stepped into the sitting-room and rang the bell.

A maid came from the back. "Your master has had a fit," said Selby quietly. "You had better send for a doctor at once."

The maid, terribly flustered, ran to the telephone. Selby waited till the doctor arrived, and helped the latter, a genial Irishman named Malone, to lift Ramsden to a sofa.

"Well, what's your opinion?" he asked as Malone finished a brief examination.

Malone shook his head.

"Cerebral apoplexy, I'm afraid. Has he had a shock of any sort?"

"He was pretty angry with me," answered Selby. "I'm his cousin. Here's my card in case I'm needed. Good afternoon!"

As it happened, Selby was needed. He was required to give his evidence at the inquest held two days later on the remains of his cousin.

Pryor, who knew he had gone back on his pal by trying to get clear away with Selby's thousand pounds, had had the decency to say nothing at his examination about his connection with Selby. He merely said that he had stolen the notes from the house in Ormonde Street and got off with a light sentence. Selby, aware of this, made no mention of past events in his evidence at the inquest, and the jury were left with the impression that Ramsden's fit was brought on merely by sudden anger at meeting a relative who had recently been in prison.

Selby let it go at that. He could afford to, for as next heir he came in for some ten thousand pounds, which was more than enough to start him on the Australian sheep run which he had so long dreamed of.

"So you are thinking of flying to the North Pole? Have you the machine yet?"

"No-o, not exactly."

"How far have you got with your preparations?"

"Oh! I have the air."

SCORCHERS SNAPSHOTTED HERE!

Present-Day Cameras Aid Aviation, Catch Criminals, and Round-Up Road-Hogs.

Few people realise that photography has now developed into so skilled a science that the aid of the camera is evoked in all manner of unique and interesting directions. After an aeroplane smash, for instance, inquiries are invariably made to discover whether the fall of the machine was "snapped" by any of the spectators. For an up-to-date camera takes a photograph in a fraction of a second, with the result that actions and similar details which escape the human eye, more often than not are revealed on the photographic plate.

The best day's work the camera ever did for aviation occurred a short time back, when a snapshot was taken of Chavez falling to earth after his epoch-making flight over the Alps. This disaster was fraught with mystery, for after battling with violent winds and treacherous air pockets throughout his flight, Chavez fell to his death whilst carrying out a comparatively simple vol plane to earth at the conclusion of his journey.

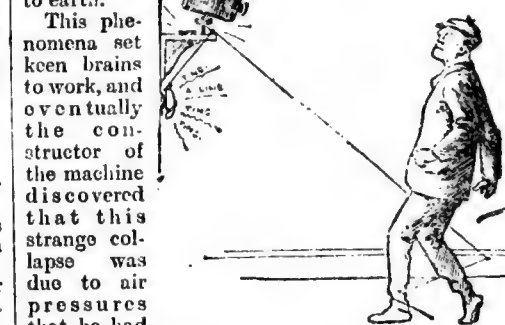
A snapshot taken of his fall, however, revealed the fact that the wings of the monoplane folded downwards in a most extraordinary fashion just before it fell like a stone to earth.

This phenomena set keen brains to work, and eventually the constructor of the machine discovered that this strange collapse was due to air pressures that he had not anticipated.

The fault was that when the monoplane altered its straight course to plane to earth, considerable air pressure from above forced down on to the wings, which not being sufficiently stayed, at once collapsed.

Soon after this, the planes of this type of machine were strengthened with a number of overhead cables, with the result that mishaps in connection with monoplanes of this design have since become very scarce.

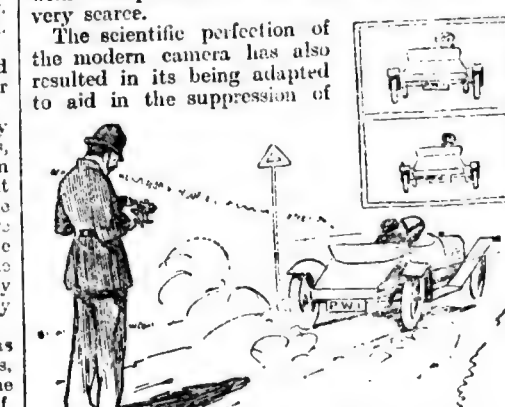
The scientific perfection of the modern camera has also resulted in its being adapted to aid in the suppression of



How a speed camera showed that the wings of the aeroplane with which Chavez fell the Alps folded downwards in an extraordinary manner.

One of the cleverest modern cameras catches criminals. Intruders who enter the room where it is set stumble over some wires which cause a flashlight to act, and are snapshotted.

A novel camera that catches motor scorchers is now extensively used. It takes two photos of the retreating car, one a second after the other. The police figure out the motorist's speed according to the disparity between the two snapshots.



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crime. An ingenious device, which has already proved its utility, has been designed for the purpose of entrapping burglars. It consists of a camera equipped with a flash-light apparatus, mounted on an electrically-controlled swivel wheel.

Connected to this instrument are a number of wires, which are placed in close proximity to the door of the room in which the device is fixed. As these wires are stretched just above the floorboards, any intruder who enters the room after the apparatus is set is bound to set it at work.

As the burglar stumbles over one or another of the wires, the camera automatically turns towards the disturbed area, the magnesium flash-light is fired, and a snapshot of the culprit is taken.

A burglar Detectives now use cameras disguised as alarm is light-glasses. When they put these glasses sounded at to their eyes they are in reality preparing the same to snapshot someone on their left.

In many Continental towns motorists are suppressed not by the complicated system of measured miles and stop watches, but by means of the ever-useful camera. If the police suspect a motorist of exceeding the speed limit, they stop either in front or behind the speeding car and snap it with a specially designed camera.

This apparatus is designed to make two exposures on the same plate, one exactly a second after the other. As a result, when the plate is developed one photograph is a little larger than the other. By means of an ingenious scale device, the police can figure out the speed of the pictured car to a fraction of a mile per hour, according to the disparity between the two photographs.

The whole thing is delightfully simple. The officer of the law has only to press a lever, the camera automatically takes the two distinct photographs, and when the plate is developed the speed of the car can be gauged; its number shows clearly on the negative in addition to all manner of details concerning the car and its occupants, which all aid in its identification.

A cleverly-designed camera, which is secreted in what is apparently a pair of field-glasses, is now used by detectives on race-courses and amongst crowds in order to obtain portraits of suspicious characters. The idea is not only to photograph suspects in the hopes of catching them picking pockets or otherwise transgressing the law, but also to obtain a portrait of their features unawares, to keep for purposes of reference.

Press photographers occasionally use the cameras to obtain portraits of celebrities, but in this connection the drawback is that the photograph is necessarily somewhat minute.

Almost every large European town now forbids aircraft to fly over their precincts. This is not solely because they fear what the airman's eyes may see of their fortifications, but largely because they fear the power of the modern telescopic camera.

Telescopic cameras are marvels of ingenuity. With these devices it is possible to obtain detailed portraits of objects and scenes considerable distances away. Roughly this is done by a number of mirrors which reflect the landscape in such a manner that its details are enlarged and brought out prominently on the photographic plate.

These cameras were used with success in the Russo-Japanese War, when man-lifting kites and balloons were utilised to take them aloft.

Telescopic cameras that can obtain details of country miles away are now used in conjunction with aircraft for spying purposes.

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Little 'Sleep-mouse'



About the Fat Little Dormouse, who Snoozes from the End of October to April.

THE warm days of April awoke Mr. Dormouse from his long winter sleep, and as he had been asleep since October he naturally felt a trifle hungry, but, being a thrifty little creature, he had saved a supply of food from the days when he had plenty.

His storehouse was a hole in the same tree in which he had built his winter nest, so in a few moments he stretched his cramped limbs and ran round to appease his appetite with a fine hazel-nut which he had stored up from last year.

He did not need to crack the shell, as he was provided with very sharp front teeth, to which hard shells presented no difficulty, so he sat back on his haunches, lifted the nut in his fore-paws, keeping the point of it towards his body, and commenced to gnaw the edge of the circular patch at the opposite end.

Having eaten all the inside, he let the shell fall to the ground. This was very silly of him, for the empty shell, with its neatly nibbled round hole, told passers-by of Mr. Dormouse's presence, and as dormice make very nice pets, he placed himself in some danger of losing his beloved liberty.

About this time also Mrs. Dormouse awoke

from her slumber, and, in her search for food, met Mr. Dormouse, and they decided that the nest for the young ones should be built in the cleft of a beech tree near by.

All day long Mrs. Dormouse was busy running to and fro; she gathered dry moss from the mossy bank, dry leaves from the wood, wool from the thorns, which had torn it from the sheep's backs, and even feathers from their old enemy the brown owl for the home of their future offspring.

These things she industriously nibbled into shape with her sharp front teeth, and kept the nest in its place by means of dried stems of weeds.

At last all was finished, a curtain even was made for the door to more completely hide it from their enemies, such as the brown owl, sly weasels and foxes, and stray cats, any of which would have no hesitation in pouncing on the plump dormice and using them as a fine tit-bit for supper.

Meanwhile Mr. Dormouse had not been idle. He had built for himself a summer residence near to that of his wife and children. You see, he was not much of a family man, so when the children came

he always hid himself to the spare room, as it were, so that he would be out of the way, yet near enough to assist his spouse in foraging for food.

These two dormice were very similar to ordinary mice, except that they had bushy tails and were reddish-brown in colour. Their chief beauty lay in their large bright eyes, which seemed to peer around in every direction. They were fatter than ordinary mice, but then they sleep all the winter, while the common mouse has to be hurrying round to get food all the time.

Another curious thing about the two dormice was their passionate love of honeysuckle; when possible they always built their nest close to it.

As autumn comes on, and nuts are plentiful, they begin to lay in their stores, their keenest rivals being the greedy squirrels; in fact, the squirrel would not be backward in making use of the dormouse's store should he find it.

Into the store are carried hazel-nuts, beech-nuts, dried peas, and acorns. The cold winds of October begin to blow, and the two dormice each make a winter nest, and to their respective nests they retire at the end of the month, tuck their heads into their bodies, curl their bushy tails around them, and fall fast asleep until the next April. This habit has gained for them in some localities the name of "sleep-mouse," and, perhaps, they deserve it.



Lucky Laws for Hard-Ups



Some Hints for Honest People Who Purchase Goods on the Hire System.

A FEW weeks ago a case came into Court in which a Poor Law officer was charged with having wrongfully forced a sale of the effects of a certain lady who had been unable to pay the Poor rate. The verdict went against the officer, who was held to have acted entirely beyond his legal rights.

Cases like this are by no means uncommon, though the ill-used debtor rarely seeks redress in the civil courts. Many are of the opinion that the laws of debt are sometimes unfair to the creditor. This is a question that can only be settled by our legislators.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the law is very extensively abused by a class of creditors who trade on their victims' ignorance of the law to perform acts which would promptly be penalised by any judge.

The chief offenders in this respect are probably the less reputable of those firms who supply goods on the easy payment system. As is well known, when purchasing goods in this way a clause is usually inserted in the agreement stipulating for the return of the goods in the event of non-payment of the instalments, and the forfeiture of the money already paid.

Now if, through temporary misfortune, you are unable to keep up your payments to date, an

honest firm will invariably come to some arrangement if convinced of your sincerity. But the "sharks" are only too glad to seize the goods at once.

This forcible seizure is entirely illegal.

All you need do when the company's agents call for the goods is simply to stand firm and refuse admission to your house or apartments.

You need not be frightened of the pantotechnon waiting outside, nor the bluffing of the agent, who knows that he dare not force an entry.

If he were to "break outer doors and enter"—and "breaking" here means no more than turning a door-handle—he would be guilty of the crime of house-breaking. And even if he evaded this, an action would still "lie" for trespass.

The company can only do one of two things—either sue you for the return of the goods, or wait until the last instalment falls due and then sue you for the full amount of the purchase price.

A favourite trick of unscrupulous agents is to contrive, by one of many means, to let the neighbours know that the householder is in debt—e.g., by talking unnecessarily loudly on the doorstep. This also is illegal.

If the collector acquaints any third person of your indebtedness he lays himself open to an action

for slander. If the information is given by writing the offence will be that of libel. And it does not matter how indirectly the information is conveyed. For example, if a request for payment were made on a postcard this would be actionable.

Moreover, when applying for credit the company will generally ascertain your place of employment. This may be merely to prove good faith and, as such, cannot be considered objectionable. But many a collector is not above holding a veiled threat over you on the strength of this.

Few collectors, however, would be so extremely foolish as to let your employer know, directly or indirectly, of your indebtedness. For if, as a result of this, you were discharged, or could swear that your standing with your employer had been prejudiced, you would be certain to obtain almost any damages in reason.

In the case of a debt contracted in the ordinary way there is little need to fear dire consequences, provided that one's failure is really on account of misfortune. Before the creditor can obtain an order committing a debtor to prison he must prove that the debtor has the means to pay and will not. If evidence of any extravagance since the incurring of the debt can be brought it will generally secure an order.

Some creditors have queer ideas as to what constitutes "proof of means." On one occasion a creditor pleaded that since his debtor had indulged in the luxury of twins he must be able to pay the debt. But the judge, luckily for the debtor, took a different view.



Chasing Whales with Warships



Queer Jobs for the Handyman.

FIGHTING fires, rescuing passengers from sinking ships, exploring unknown lands, and dredging the mysterious abysses of mid-ocean—these are some samples of the various tasks which fall to the lot of our sailors.

Sometimes a warship has to do the job of bailiff. The people of Tory Island on the west coast of Ireland have always been noted for their objection to paying taxes, and more than once gunboats have been sent to enforce the demands of the rate collector. The first occasion ended in a terrible disaster. The *Wasp* brought a posse of bailiffs to levy county cess. She ran on the iron rocks which fringe the coast and was lost, with every soul aboard. It is believed to this day by the people of Tory Island that the reason for her destruction was that the famous "cursing stone" of Tory was turned upon the ship.

Several of our smaller gunboats, beautiful yacht-like little craft of about eight hundred tons, of the *Circe* type, are always busy at fishery protection work.

Twelve years ago the action of one of these fishery gunboats very nearly led to a war with France. H.M.S. *Leda* found the *Star of the Sea*, a French lugger, fishing within the three-mile limit off Dungannon, and hailed her to stop. She refused

and made off. Blank cartridge were fired in vain, then at last live ones were used, and the steersman of the French lugger was killed.

The Moray Firth is closed to trawlers of all nations, our own included, and British gunboats act as water bailiffs. But to be forced to catch and run in their own countrymen is not a job that Jack at all enjoys.

Speaking of fishery protection, only a week or two ago two big whales appeared in the midst of an Italian fishing fleet, some thirty miles off the mouth of the Tiber, and not only frightened off all the smaller fish, but smashed or carried away the nets of the unfortunate fishermen. A torpedo boat was sent to the rescue, and after an exciting chase got within range and killed both the whales with her guns.

It is porpoises that have caused the almost complete ruin of the sardine fisheries in the Bay of Biscay, and the situation became so bad that the French Government sent half a dozen torpedo boats to the scene, with directions to destroy as many porpoises as possible. They began operations with rifle fire and killed a few in this way. But as this failed to stay the pest, the commander of the squadron obtained leave to use torpedoes.

A number of small torpedoes, each charged with

about seven pounds of gun cotton, were grouped in a circle around the fishermen's nets, and so arranged that the porpoises as they passed disturbed the delicate electrical mechanism, and so caused the explosion.

Forty of the voracious marauders were killed by the first explosion.

Not long ago the British cruiser *Pelorus* sailed straight away into the heart of the South American continent. From Para at the mouth of the Amazon she steamed a thousand miles to Manaus, and then another thirteen hundred up to Iquitos. Her object was to assist British trade, and the beneficial effects of her visit are already plainly to be noted.

As odd an experience as ever befel any man who wears His Majesty's naval uniform was the lot of a diver aboard H.M.S. *Ringarooma*. Off the New Hebrides a torpedo was lost at practice. The diver was sent down in seventeen fathoms to try to recover it. In little more than a minute he signalled to be pulled up, and was then found to be bleeding from eyes and nose. He explained that there was a volcano under the ship and the water was boiling!

"How is it you never married?"

"I don't care for women's society. Besides, married life would disturb my literary labours."

"What do you write?"

"Love stories."

'My Dreadful Past'



SIGNOR ENRICO
CARUSO,

*the world-famous tenor, tells
some amusing
stories of his early
boyhood and of the
hard struggle he has had to achieve fame.*

You ask me to tell you about my mischievous boyhood, but I have had such a busy life, travelling here and there, and so much has happened since then that I do not remember very much about those early days.

I am sure, however, that I did all the things that naughty boys usually do, for the little boys of Naples—where I was born—are just as full of fun and mischief as so many boys in England.

I have heard that at a very early age I fell in love with my father's razor. I was discovered playing with it one day, and, luckily for me, it was taken away before I could do any damage to myself with it.

I was very angry, however, at being deprived of this delightful toy. As to other things, I am sure I must have gone bathing when I was told not to—what boy has not?—and I daresay I stopped to play with my young friends when I was sent on important errands.

My Father Didn't Spare the Rod.

I was a lively, noisy boy, and I filled the house with noise and stir from morning till night. My father, an industrious mechanic, did not approve of my noisy, lively habits, and, as is the custom of parents, he did not hesitate to chastise me in order to train me up in the way I should go. He himself was a hard worker, and he thought I could not do better than follow in his steps.

I had a passion for music, and I went to the opera as often as I could. My father absolutely forbade me to go to the theatre, and this, I need scarcely say, only made me the more anxious to go.

One day I was very nearly drowned through my anxiety to go to the theatre to hear a favourite opera. I had managed to get a two-franc piece to pay for admission to the theatre, but unfortunately I let it slip through my fingers, and it rolled away towards a well. I sprang after the coin and snatched it up, but in my excitement I lost my balance and fell splash into the well. Fortunately, at the same time I upset a table, which tumbled into the well with me, and I was able to scramble on that and keep above the water.

Rescued Wet and Cold.

Someone ran to call my father, and he was greatly distressed, but when he came and found I was in no danger he said it would do me no harm to stay there for a time. I was rescued soon afterwards, very wet and cold, but I was still clutching my precious two-franc piece, and I was able after all to go to the opera. I had set my heart on hearing.

My father did not believe in my love for music. He said I could never earn bread by singing. That was dream-talk, he said. But my mother encouraged me, and I often think of her now that success has come to me. She used to pause in her work to listen to me singing. When others scoffed at me she said I was to be a great singer.

My father, however, insisted that I should become a mechanic. I told him at last that I meant to devote my life to singing, and he was so annoyed that he said I must become a mechanic or starve. He would have nothing more to do with me.

Still Fond of a Joke.

Full of enthusiasm, I chose to starve, so I set out to make my own way in the world. When I ran away from home I had nothing to help me on except an excellent physique and a determination never to despair. I had a hard struggle in these days, with little time for mischief.

I earned a few shillings a week by singing in church choirs, but things were so bad that sometimes I was obliged to go back for a little to my father's trade. I managed to pull through, however, and these hard times have not spoiled my taste for mischief, for I still like sometimes to play a practical joke on my friends.

I went to see the manager of a theatre once, and as I went into his room the telephone bell rang. Someone at the other end of the wire claimed one of the manager's cars—only one was left to me. I determined to have them both. That night was the premiere of "La Favorita," and I was to sing it.

I spoke to the manager in a whisper. Instantly he dropped the telephone; he was alarmed and excited.

"What is it?" he cried. "Are you hoarse? Caruso, speak!"

The telephone bell rang in vain then. I had not only his two ears, but also his two eyes. I kept him in suspense. I continued to whisper.

"Are you hoarse?" he cried again.

Then I whispered: "I do not know."

"Do not know?" he repeated, greatly excited.

"Why don't you know?"

"Because," I whispered, "I have not tried to speak aloud!"

How I "Egged" a Friend.

On another occasion I played a practical joke while I was on the stage. It was while I was singing "Enzo" in *La Gioconda*. My friend Giraltoni met me in the centre of the stage. We bowed with dignity and shook hands. At least, so it would have appeared to the audience. But as I shook hands with Giraltoni I whispered: "Beware!" At the same moment Giraltoni felt something round and smooth in his hand.

Furtively he glanced down and discovered that I had passed an egg into his hand. He could do nothing with it but hold it firmly. He tried to pass it over to the chorus, but the men of the chorus would not spoil my joke, and they avoided taking his hand. So, for the rest of the scene, Giraltoni had to gesticulate with one hand clutching an egg which he dared not let fall.

One must joke sometimes or life would be too serious.

LITTLE BRAIN WAVES.

It is a good wind that blows nobody's hat off.

Diamonds are different from women—they improve with age.

Women with pretty teeth will laugh at a stupid joke.

A man's idea of an ideal wife is one who believes everything he tells her.

There are more broken hearts in literature than in life.

No sane man takes away an umbrella or hat worse than his own.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that fools the world.

A beautiful woman without brains is like a flower without perfume.

Colour photography will never appeal to the man with a red nose.

There's nothing that people get tired of so quickly as the things they like most.

A girl rarely says what she means to a man except in very serious circumstances.

The world is full of willing people—some willing to work, and the rest willing to let them.

Nothing is so boring as listening to a man talking about his ailments when you want to talk about your own.

Two important ways for a woman to avoid disappointment are never to fall in love or put anything in the oven.

One of the penalties of increasing years is that one is expected to give wedding presents to the children of one's friends.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but both are dirt cheap compared with one on a hotel menu card.

Every new child a woman gets is like a new patent medicine; she always thinks it will do something wonderful for her and it never does.

Some people go about with their eyes wide open, until they see something they ought not to; then shut them tight—after they have looked.

Waking up is not always agreeable. It is pleasant to open one's eyes on tea and toast; but few women anticipate with eagerness the daily struggle with hairpins, stockings and strings.

There's all the difference in being able to go and see a woman when you want to, and being obliged to see her when you don't want to. I know a great many women who are delightful companions, but I should not care to live with them.—ROY HORNIMAN.

CHATS ABOUT BEAUTY.

Valuable and Interesting Recipes Culled from
Smart Sources—Face, Hair and Eyes.

Renewing Complexions with Oxygen.

"Handy Recipes."

Everyone knows that oxygen consumes waste matter in the body. A poor complexion is merely the accumulation of half deadened, or waste matter upon the surface of the skin. It sticks on stubbornly, showing in the form of sallowness, moth patches and a generally lifeless appearance. Oxygen may be used with advantage in removing this disfiguration. Any chemist should be able to supply mercolized wax. This contains oxygen in a form that is released when it comes in contact with the skin. Naturally the oxygen attacks the deadened matter but does not affect the healthy skin at all. Thus a few applications of this perfectly harmless substance soon begins to clear the skin and reveal the beautiful complexion which every woman has just underneath the ugly one. The process is pleasant and harmless, and involves no inconvenience whatever. * * * To bring a natural red colour to the lips, rub them with a soft stick of proclactum. * * * For hot, tired or perspiring feet, use a teaspoonful of powdered onalite in a foot bath.

Emergency Complexions.

"Novel Recipes."

Even a complexion which is hopelessly dull or greasy can be made beautiful in a moment by a perfectly harmless home recipe. If you have no chemist in the house, get about an ounce from your chemist, and add only enough water to dissolve it. Apply a little to the face with the finger tips. The process defies detection, and the result is an immediate appearance of velvety, youthful "bloom" which every woman desires. The effect will last all day under the most trying conditions, indoors or out, and renders powdering quite unnecessary. This simple substance is also very good for the skin, and no possible harm can come from its regular use. * * * To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little mennaline with the finger tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheninol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely. * * * The natural allacite of orange blossoms makes a capital greaseless face cream. It holds the powder perfectly, and the natural odour of this product is, of course, most delightful. Many of the smartest women are now using it exclusively, because it does not encourage a growth of hair on the face.

Naturally Wavy Hair.

"Home Chemistry."

Good stallax not only makes the best possible shampoo, but has the peculiar property of leaving the hair with a pronounced natural "wave," an effect presumably desired by many ladies. A teaspoonful of the stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is ample for a luxurious head wash, and leaves the hair with a peculiar lustre and fluffiness obtainable from nothing else as far as known. It is perfectly harmless and can be obtained from most chemists, although since it has been but little used for this purpose it comes only in sealed original packages, enough to make up twenty-five or thirty individual shampoos. * * * For an actual hair grower nothing equals pure boranum. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair roots tingling with new life. * * * The use of rouge is almost always obvious, but powdered collanum gives a perfectly natural colour and defies detection.

FILENTA SOAP—A SKIN FOOD AND BEAUTIFIER AS WELL AS A CLEANSER.—ADVT.]

Ladies! Don't worry to get your votes

Worry your husbands to get HOME NOTES.

THE WORM BOY.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Interviews a Blue-Eyed Boy Who Sells to Anglers Lobs, Brandlings, Cads, and Other Strange "Beasts."

A COTTAGE near the river, a garden, and on a board, in very amateurish characters, with the "S" the wrong way about, the notice:

LOBS 12 A 1D.

Mr. P. Doubleyou was up against something new and strange. Lobs? A penny a dozen? The terms of a professional bowler for giving you a turn at the nets to get your eye in? Queer! The notice, especially the "S," fascinated me. I was bound to investigate, so I decided that I needed three dozen "Lobs" at 12 a 1d.

A smart, blue-eyed boy of thirteen saluted me. "Lobs, sir? Three dozen?"—and he led the way to a shed, and emptied a tin of moss and bran and wriggling worms on a tray.

And then I knew! Lob worms, of course!

"Only twelve for a penny?" I ventured, to make conversation, as, with tender touch, he began to count them out.

"They're all males, sir, and scoured," he said, with pride.

Males and scoured! How did he know lady worms from gentleman worms, and what did he scour them with, and how?

Female wrigglers, it appeared, had rings round them. Male worms hadn't. The moss scoured or cleaned them as otherwise they would be unpleasant to handle, and the bran was their food. This information was vouchsafed in a patronising tone. I had revealed myself as an amateur—in worms!

"Had I brought my tin?"

Catches 200 In An Hour.

I confessed I hadn't. Also, that I didn't really need any lobs, but what I did want, was to know all about the worm business.

For a consideration, equivalent to several dozen lobs, he talked. "No end of gents come here to fish, and they was always asking me to dig them up a few worms. Some gave me a penny, and others said, 'Thanks, Tommy'—his mimicry was splendid—"so I thought I'd sell them properly. I've got gentles, too, and brandlings, and cads."

He mentioned other animals as being in stock, but the names have escaped me.

"I go all over the place after them, but you can soon water them up in the garden. They come up after dark, and you can pick them up like winking if you go soft. I can get over two hundred in an hour."

I gasped.

"Aren't you afraid you'll catch them all?" I asked.

"No"—derisively. "There's thousands."

He continued. "I make the gentles out of liver. They're the best."

I did not doubt it. He was an expert, and the gentles were certainly "strong."

Lobs Are Red Headed.

These gentles, of odorous presence, were also scoured, it seemed. Sand, he told me, was the proper stuff, and a peep into a bucket dispelled the illusion that in some mysterious way he did the scouring. They crawl about and scour themselves as they go.

"You've got to be careful they don't turn into flies," he said, and I've no doubt you had.

"How did he know the different sorts of worms?" He grinned pityingly. Evidently my question was infantile.

"Lobs have got red heads and broad tails, and there's a line down their backs."

How many did he sell? Twenty dozen a day, sometimes, when there was a lot of gents down. "Some of them," he chuckled, "keep on coming back for more. They leave the lid off, and they all crawl away"—meaning the worms and not the "gents."

"One toff," he added, "wanted me to take back what he hadn't used." This most indignantly.

It seemed that he made over £4 last year, and hopes to make £5 this. And while other boys collect cigarette cards, he collects, in the same barefaced gratis style, tobacco tins—the 2-oz. size preferred. They are a penny each if you want one afterwards, even if the tin was once your own! A screw of moss is a 3d.

The Worm Boy will rise to be a Worm King. He'll be another Prince of Commerce. It's in him.

And the next time the question is asked, "What shall we do with our boys?" the answer is ready.

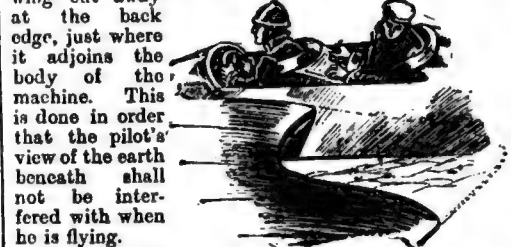
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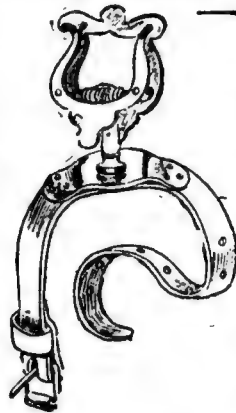
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A CLEAR VIEW.

IN military aeroplanes of the monoplane or two-winged type you will often see a small portion of the wing cut away at the back edge, just where it adjoins the body of the machine. This is done in order that the pilot's view of the earth beneath shall not be interfered with when he is flying.



These two apertures are just below the pilot's seat, so by leaning to one side the aviator can glance down through them and his view of the ground is not blotted out by spreading wings.



A MUSIC-HOLDER.

THE illustration depicts a method whereby bandmen who play a flute while on the march are able to carry their music with them.

As can be seen, a small music-holder is attached to a strap, which is made to fasten round the arm just above the wrist.

Before this idea was adopted, bandmen playing a flute were unable to play from music for the simple reason that they had nowhere to put it. Thus they had to play from memory.

ADVERTISING UP-TO-DATE.

THE up-to-date advertising which takes the form of window blinds on the underground railways is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The blind runs up instead of down. Before the train enters a station it is up, and the advertisement fully displayed, as shown per first window in sketch. When, however, it enters a station it automatically flies down, to enable the passengers to see the name of the station. On the train restarting it flies up again. Thus, by continually moving up and down, the passengers' attention is attracted by the reading matter on the blinds, which is, without a doubt, read.

A NATURAL LAST.

A LAST is used by shoemakers as a model of the foot they desire to shoe; but there are often little variations in the growth of the latter, which require special



fitting, and these, when over-looked, cause much discomfort.

An easy and effective way to make a boot conform to the shape of the foot is to thoroughly soak it by means of a flannel dipped in hot water and applied frequently as depicted in the sketch (like a fermentation) for some time, whilst wearing it, and then to refrain from taking it off until nearly dry. By this means the leather may be made to fit quite an enlargement, and it does not lose shape afterwards.

SLUMBER GOWNS FOR "NUTS."

There is a Boom in "Nuts," and They Are Wearing the "Nuttiest" of "Natty" Clothes.

NOT only will "Nuts" be more numerous than ever this season, but the startling originality of their attire will eclipse all previous sartorial records. For so numerous have "Nuts" now become there are many species such as the "Artistic Nut," the "Sporting Nut," and the "Aerodrome Nut"—that experts in male attire have put their heads together and devised all manner of astonishing creations especially for the benefit of this vast army of young bloods.

This season the up-to-date "Nut" will, in many ways, resemble an animated picture gallery. He will sport a miniature portrait, worked into the fabric in brightly coloured silks.

He can have his choice of landscape or portrait. In the former effect, the willow-pattern plate design will be a favourite, whilst his tie portraiture will largely be confined to the reproduction of some pretty actress's features.

The "Nuts" socks will also boast illustrative designs. Little rural landscapes will run up the sides in place of the usual clocks, flowers and lady's portraits worked in silk will decorate his instep, full effect being given to the various designs by well-turned-up trouser ends, and low-cut shoes.

No longer will the "Nut" prove to be an inartist's blot upon the landscape. He can now dress in harmony with his surroundings.

Socks and Ties to Match the Furniture.

If he is to spend his afternoon in a drawing-room whose colour scheme is Wedgwood blue he can choose his attire accordingly.

The sartorial experts have provided him with socks, a tie and a silk handkerchief, in the exact shade of Wedgwood.

If the atmosphere of his surroundings is to be old rose, then the "Nut" can procure sartorial accessories to match; in fact, the enterprising exponent of "Nuttiness" need never be out of harmony with his surroundings if he keeps his wardrobe well stocked with the many sartorial colour effects that have been designed for his special benefit.

The great aim of the modern smart young man is to be different from those around him, otherwise he will not court the stares of passers-by, which are to him the fruits of his labours.

Spats are ordinary and common now, but the "Nuts" new style of spats is not. They will consist of light-coloured canvas, of cream, lawn or white, tastefully decorated with all manner of strange patterns.

Horizontal and vertical lines of deep blue will be popular, or little circles or squares of some prominent hue, traced in weird designs around his feet decorations, will also be to the fore.

Attire Changed Five Times Daily.

There is a strenuous time in store for the sensible "Nut" this season. The laws which control the realms of "Nuttiness" have declared that he must change his attire no fewer than five times a day.

He will arrive at the breakfast-table in an extraordinary "slumber gown," the chief importance of which will be its colour. Chinese yellow and cerise will be the prevailing hues of this garment, which in shape will be a cross between a dress-gown and an ulster coat. A belt inclosing the whole garment must be in purple or some similar violent colour, with cuffs and collar to match.

After his initial repast the "Nut" must change into flannels. Over his boots a pair of creamy-white spats will be fixed to exactly match the upturned trousers above, and the white boots beneath.

After lunch he must don his sporting outfit of an exaggerated Norfolk suit design, the coat of which should be tightly strapped into the back, for the real "Nut" must never fail to retain his figure.

After tea, another change into a lounge suit of unapproachable cut, with the inevitable waisted effect is the order, and at the close of the strenuous day, evening dress must be donned for the evening parade on the promenade, the chief rule in connection with this attire being that the "Nut" must tie his own dress bow and not imperil his reputation by donning one of the ready-made variety.

By Hook or by Crookery
Purchase Home Cookery.

When sending Picture Pars, address your envelope to the Picture Par. Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

The World's Best Stories

The Editor Regretted.

AN amusing story is going the rounds in Fleet Street about an editor who, to the surprise of those under him, has just accepted a large batch of contributions.

The manuscripts are not of any remarkable brilliance; indeed, in the ordinary way they would nearly all have been returned to the senders with the usual formula announcing that the editor regretted he was unable to make use of them. The explanation of this apparent eccentricity on the part of the editor is that the other evening he took the manuscripts home in his bag to read at leisure.

Between the office and his station he stopped to buy a bottle of whisky, which he put in the bag beside the manuscripts. In the train the bag got an unnoticed bang, and when he arrived home he was horrified to find the bottle broken and the manuscripts smelling strongly of whisky.

Now, that editor has a great reputation for dignity and sobriety, and—well, there you are!

Spoonerisms.

THE announcement that Miss Spooner, a daughter of the Warden of New College, Oxford, is engaged to be married, has recalled some of the stories that are told of her famous father.

Dr. Spooner has enriched the English language with a new word, "Spoonerism," which is used to describe a transposition of letters or words in a sentence. The Warden is rather prone to this form of mistake, and he is said to have once asked a cabman: "Can you give me change for a peeshilling tooce?"

Nice for the Porter.

ANOTHER story which Oxford has laid to the credit of Dr. Spooner refers to an occasion when he was seeing Mrs. Spooner off by train.

First of all, on arriving at the station he called a porter and said: "Put this rag and the two bugs in the town drain!" What he wanted, of course, was to have two bags and a rug put in the down train, and the porter, knowing the Warden, did as he was expected.

Then, just as the train was about to start and Dr. Spooner was saying good-bye to his wife, the porter came along for his tip. Dr. Spooner immediately gave his wife a shilling and kissed the porter! That, at least, is the story they tell in Oxford.

The Indignant Major.

PERHAPS one of the funniest "Spoonerisms" told is the story of the peppery old retired major who marched into church one Sunday and found a stranger occupying his favourite seat.

Choking with indignation, he spluttered out: "Sir, are you aware that you are occupewing my pie?"

A Wholesale Order.

IN a new book by Mr. W. H. Major there is a story of an aggressively purse-proud tradesman who happened to travel by train in the same compartment as a commercial traveller. They got into conversation, and very soon the tradesman began to boast loudly of his great possessions.

"Yes, sir," he proceeded, "and I have three unmarried daughters, and I tell you, sir, that whoever marries them will have a thousand pounds handed over to him on her wedding-day."

The commercial traveller looked thoughtful. "How many unmarried daughters did you say you had?" he asked.

"Three, sir," replied the other.

"Good," said the traveller; "I'll take the lot!"

Why He Was Gloomy.

THE King's definite announcement that his third son, Prince Henry, is to go to Eton this autumn recalls a story that is told of the schooldays of Viscount Crichton, the eldest son of the Earl of Erne.

As a boy, Lord Crichton was one of the youngsters who were a good deal about the Court. Queen Victoria had a great liking for him, and while he was at Eton she often honoured him with an invitation to spend half-holidays at Windsor Castle if she happened to be staying there. After one or two such invitations, which were, of course, in the nature of Royal "commands" that must be obeyed, the Queen noticed that young Crichton seemed

far from happy when he came to see her. He was gloomy and preoccupied, and, suspecting that he

had got into some scrape at school, and being willing to help him out of it, the Queen tried to coax him to tell her what the trouble was.

For some time the boy managed to evade the questions, assuring her there was nothing wrong, and at last the Queen gave up the riddle in despair.

On subsequent visits his unhappiness became still more apparent, however, and it was the Duke of Connaught, of whom the boy was very fond, who finally succeeded in discovering the cause of his gloom. After a few tactful questions from the Duke the explanation came with a rush.

Young Crichton explained that his schoolfellows at Eton were not really jealous of the honour paid him by the Queen, but they were afraid that, to use their own phrase, he "might get too cocky." So, in order to avoid this if possible, they gave him a jolly good thrashing when he returned to school after each visit, and it was the anticipation of these inevitable thrashings that cast a gloom over his visits to the Castle.

Follow the Fish.

THERE have been a great number of political luncheons and dinners recently and a consequent flow of rather dull after-dinner oratory.

Mr. Hewart enlivened a political club luncheon recently by telling the story of a certain famous politician who attended a banquet at which it was expected important speeches would be made. A dish of whitebait was set before him, and, after looking at the fish and then at the other guests, he remarked:

"Gentlemen, let us follow the example of these little fish—drink a great deal and say nothing!"

The Domestic Tyrant.

THE other day Sir Herbert Tree, the famous actor-manager, told an amusing story of Mr. Claude Lowther, M.P.

He was recently staying with Mr. Lowther at Hurstmonceaux Castle, and one night at dinner he admired some beautiful candle-sticks on the table.

"You can take them away with you," said Mr. Lowther generously.

"Oh, no, you mustn't," chimed in the butler promptly. "If I let Mr. Lowther give away all he wants to he wouldn't have anything left!"

Helping Him to Play Better.

MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD, the co-censor of Plays, who has been very ill lately, has the reputation of being one of the wittiest men in London.

He once ran a theatrical season at the Haymarket Theatre. It was not very successful; in fact, the theatre was nearly empty every evening, and the box-office returns were heart-breaking.

One night the manager asked Mr. Brookfield as he was going on the stage: "What time shall I bring you the box-office receipts?"

"Just before I go on in my pathetic scene, please!" said Mr. Brookfield.

Sampling.

ONE of Mr. Brookfield's most amusing stories is about the young Guardsman, Charles Buller, who was told by a lady he adored that he was not to come and see her again unless he brought with him a basket of strawberries. As this happened in the month of March, young Buller was plunged in the depths of despair, but with the help of a famous fruiterer he was able in about a week to set out for the hard-hearted lady laden with a little basket containing about a dozen rather pale-looking strawberries, which had cost him about a sovereign each.

He was shown into her boudoir to wait.

"How surprised she'll be!" reflected Captain Buller, as he stripped the precious basket of its coverings. "They don't look particularly inviting, but they are strawberries. There's no getting away from that. She must be pleased at the trouble I've taken to get them, as she was so bent on them, whether they're fit to eat or not. I don't suppose they've really any flavour at all. I think I'll just taste one and see." He did. "Practically without taste at all! But that was a very white one!" He tried another. "That one was better! They're rather sweet and refreshing, but they've no distinctive flavour."

As the lovely lady sailed into the room the absent-minded officer was in the act of throwing out of the window the stalk of the last strawberry!

HELPLESS PARALYTIC

for Four Years—Declared a Hopeless Case—Pain made her cry like a child—Ministers in the Pulpit commented on her Miraculous Cure by

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

"Even ministers in the pulpit have commented on the miracle of my cure," says Mrs. Agnes Strain, a bright, healthy, active lady, who resides at Mull Mull Street, Catrine, Ayrshire, N.B., and who owes her health and her activity entirely to Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Here is Mrs. Strain's story: "The attack came on quite suddenly," she says, "and lasted four years. My right side was completely



Mrs. Strain, Ayrshire.

dead, and both legs were affected. The doctor said it was Spinal Paralysis, and prescribed for me, but I did not mend. My case was believed hopeless. I was utterly helpless, had to be lifted in and out of bed, and everything had to be done for me. I could not move a finger, and the pain I was in at times made me cry like a child. I had fallen away to a shadow, too, when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I could hardly believe my senses when about the third week after I found I could move my arm. After that I used to be led up and down the street, till one day I astonished my sister by walking into her house by myself. That was only two months after taking my first dose of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and now, two years later, I am still as strong as ever in my life. Nothing that we might say could add to the convincing straightforwardness of this lady's own story. It is for sufferers to test Dr. Cassell's Tablets in their own interests.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets act more brilliantly than any other medicine known in cases of Nervous Breakdown, Anemia, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nerve Pains, Heart Weakness, Kidney and Stomach Disorders, Children's Weakness, Spinal and Nerve Paralysis, and general bodily fatigue, brain fog, and all run-down conditions. Send 2d. to-day to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd. (Box A37), Chester Road, Manchester, for a free sample. All Chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10d., 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.

FITS CURED.

I will send you FREE a bottle of a famous London Physician's Remedy for FITS, and all forms of Epilepsy. OZERINE has cured permanently the very worst cases when everything else had failed. From the first dose fits usually cease. Thousands of testimonials. 25 years' invariable success in all parts of the world. A postcard sent now will bring the Remedy by return without charge or obligation.—J. W. NICHOLL, PHARM. CHEM. (Dept. 19), 25 High Street, Belfast.

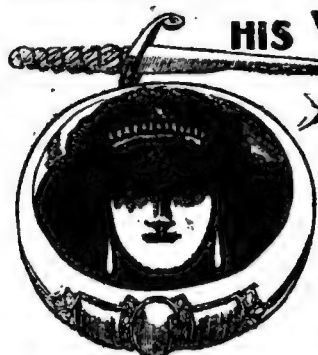
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Foster Clark's
2^D PINT
JELLY

A First Quality Pint Jelly for 2d.
Try a packet To-day.



HIS WOMAN OF MYSTERY

The Story of a Man Who Went Through
Fire and Water for the Sake of Love.

By T.
ARTHUR
PLUMMER.

CHAPTER XXXIV. "Another Star Murder."

For a space the three of them stood transfixed: the paper had fallen from Mrs. Verscoyle's hand, it lay on the carpet at her feet. Grenley looked down; his mind took in the letters of the huge headline: "ASSASSINATION OF A CABINET MINISTER!" Muriel, too, saw it; beyond that headline the letters became a blur; a mist was before her eyes. Sir John—dead old Sir John dead—murdered! Her brain was numbed, it refused to grasp that awful significance—done to death in the flat of the woman his son loved! Mrs. Verscoyle was the first to recover, or at any rate, to speak.

"It's simple—hideous in its simplicity. Madame Cyvanie ran screaming into the street for help; a policeman, amongst others, returned with her. On the carpet in the drawing-room Sir John lay, stabbed through the neck; a 'star-shaped' hole; that is the most significant part—Prince Luigi met his death in exactly the same way, and in that case Madame Cyvanie was known to be—" She shivered and broke off.

Strange to say, Muriel was not thinking of Sir John Farren, nor of the woman in whose flat he was found—but of the dead man's son! Her heart ached for him; he loved this woman; where would it all end—for him?

"Of course she's been arrested?" Grenley's tones were low, dry.

"Of course. She'll be brought before the magistrate in the morning. It's all so sudden, so horrible—I can't realise it!"

"Where's father?"

"He's gone round; he's in a shocking state; he's thinking of that quarrel here over the Count—a quarrel that was only half made up; and now Sir John's dead!"

The next morning Madame Cyvanie was brought before the magistrate. The police asked for a three-days' remand; which was instantly granted. Farren, nearly out of his mind with anxiety, applied for bail—a substantial sum, anything, but he was almost laughed at.

The case was placed immediately into the hands of Sir Randolph Indley; Farren felt that if any man at the English Bar could save Madame Cyvanie, it was he.

The circumstances were so strange. Although Sir John Farren was still breathing when a doctor, in response to a police message, arrived, no weapon could be found.

The three days passed and Madame Cyvanie was brought up again.

The court was crowded—with women mostly—morbidly anxious to see one of their sex put on the rack. They were satisfied, too, for the man who appeared for the prosecution was, although fair to a degree, a particularly vitriolic-tongued counsel; one who seemed to have a grudge against all prisoners, irrespective of sex, against whom he chanced to be.

It was obvious from the start that Sir Randolph Indley knew something that the other side were in ignorance of. There was a quiet smile upon his features that the prosecuting barrister found most irritating, and what made matters worse was the slightly patronising manner in which Sir Randolph spoke to him.

The "woman of mystery" elected to go into the witness-box.

"Now," Sir Randolph said in a low, kindly voice in striking contrast to the other's raucous tones, "will you tell us in your own way exactly what happened?"

"There's not much to tell." She was pale, horribly pale, but composed. She looked round; Farren was not present—only people were there who were anxious to see the great, the notorious Madame Cyvanie, without paying for the privilege. "I left Sir John Farren in my drawing-room whilst I went to prepare a cup of tea for him; when I returned, he was dead."

The Crown barrister rose.

"An old friend of yours—the deceased?" He coughed uneasily, arranged his gown, pulled at his wig, two nervous little habits that had stuck to him for years.

"No. That occasion was the first time he had seen me."

"Yet you were preparing tea for him?" drily.

"Is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"Sir John Farren came to see you?" It was a question.

"On business."

"What business?"

Madame Cyvanie turned to the magistrate.

"Need I answer that?"

But before the magistrate could reply, Sir Randolph was speaking.

"As I don't think the case will go beyond the magisterial hearing, I think, Madame Cyvanie, you might with advantage answer."

"He came to ask me to break off my engagement with his son."

"For what reason?"

"I decline to reply."

"Was it because you were being talked about in connection with—?"

Sir Randolph was on his feet. "Really, Mr. Redcliffe!"

There was no anger in the protest; still that quiet confidence.

Mr. Redcliffe sat down. Sir Randolph motioned and the "woman of mystery" descended from the box, and Inspector Botin stepped forward.

"You went to Madame Cyvanie's flat in response, I believe, to a telephone message?"

"Yes, sir."

"You found a constable and a doctor there? Any one else?"

"No, Sir Randolph."

"As I've already said, I don't think there'll be any occasion for the case to go beyond this court, so, inspector, I'm sure you'll place no difficulty in the way; you'll answer my questions freely."

The inspector didn't reply; he knew from his case up to the present that they would have the greatest trouble in the world to persuade a jury to convict—even if it got as far as the Old Bailey. It was scarcely likely he was going to show his hand if it were possible to avoid it, but he had his doubts. He knew Sir Randolph Indley, knew what one of his searching examinations meant, knew—none better—of the wonderful reputation he had built up by the marvellous gift he possessed of cross-examination; knew of his ready wit and keen tongue.

He knew from experience that Sir Randolph's appearance in this court spelt one of two things—either the strength of the prisoner's case or its weakness; strength in that the defence had no intention of allowing it to go to the Old Bailey; weakness in that they were accepting no risks, determined to make no mistakes right from the first.

"When you arrived Sir John Farren had just died?"

"So the doctor informed me."

"From the nature of the wound in the neck the deceased could not have lived very long after the blow was struck?"

"So the doctor says."

"Do you dispute his word?"

"I am not in a position to do so."

There was no question of Inspector Botin's honesty of purpose; he had a habit of believing that all prisoners were guilty, and in every case that fell into his hands did his best to prove them so; he gave his answers now in a surly manner, because he felt there was not much chance of proving this case; he felt that the great lawyer facing him had something "up his sleeve." He had an idea as to the line his cross-examination would take, and if he were right he knew it could lead but to one end; that end he was anxious to avoid; he wanted to get a "committal"; in the interim much might happen.

"From the time—we have the doctor's word for it—from the time the fatal blow was struck until the doctor made his examination could not have been more than a few minutes; is that so?"

"It is, sir."

"There was another wound—on the wrist; that bled freely?"

"Yes, Sir Randolph."

"There were evidences of a struggle?"

"There were, sir."

"Found any weapon?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you."

The inspector stood down; his face was flushed, for all the while he had felt that Sir Randolph Indley was laughing at him. Mr. Redcliffe addressed the magistrate. He asked for a "committal," or—and

(Continued on page 112.)

THIS SENSATIONAL NEW BOOK

SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY
ADULT—MARRIED AND UNMARRIED.

The event of the publishing season, so far as Health and Purity are concerned, is the publication of the standard work on Marriage, by Mr. A. Denderson Light. Its appearance at the present moment is especially timely, in view of the startling evidence given before the Royal Commission on Divorce.

Mr. Light has already made his fame as a vigorous, original, and unfeared writer on these subjects, but in his "Marriage: Before and After," he has surpassed all his former efforts, and achieved his masterpiece.

"Marriage: Before and After," is a splendid piece of work, which every man or woman already married or contemplating marriage should read.

Writing in the most direct and plain-spoken manner, and scorning all prudish notions of unhealthy modesty, the author deals with the great subject of Marriage in the most comprehensive and fascinating manner, giving to his readers, whether male or female, invaluable information, hints, and advice impossible to obtain elsewhere.

The necessity of such a book as this has long been felt. The subject of Marriage lies at the very foundation of the national well-being, and the union of a man and a woman "for better or worse," is the most important event in the life of any individual, the climax of human existence. Upon its results depend the future of the race and the happiness of the individuals concerned.

Such an event demands, therefore, the most careful preparation on the part of those who contemplate entering into the state of matrimony.

It also demands that those men and women already married should take steps to ascertain the very best course to pursue after marriage. They cannot find these things out for themselves. They must rely upon the experience of others, experience always difficult to get on so delicate a subject as this.

"Marriage: Before and After" tells you all you want to know about these most important matters.

It contains the accumulated knowledge of the best brains in the world on this question, knowledge hitherto unobtainable except in very expensive medical works.

It shows how in young men thoughtlessness and want of knowledge is responsible for untold matrimonial misery.

It shows also how ignorance in the case of young women, too, has led to unspeakable suffering and home-wrecking disasters.

And it helps you to avoid all these troubles.

Skilfully the author guides his readers past the treacherous snarls and pitfalls that lie about the path of the unwary wedded, and shows how they can be avoided, and marital comfort and enjoyment greatly increased.

HOW TO INCREASE MARITAL HAPPINESS AND ENJOYMENT.

He explains also how the result of following certain rules is seen in better home life, healthier offspring, and enhanced happiness.

For obvious reasons the complete contents of this book cannot be summarised here. In the following short synopsis some of the most important and valuable parts of this work are necessarily left out. But enough remains to give you some idea of what this great book is like, and by sending to the address below you can read the whole work from first to last in your own private time.

Here is just the bare outline of what this book is—the skeleton stripped, as it were, of its flesh.

CHAPTER I.—The Future of the child.—Dreadful ordeals.—Purpose of Author.

CHAPTER II.—Age at which to marry.—Result of early and late marriage.—Unhappy parents.—What a physician says.—D. sparsity in age.—Beggars and marriage.—L. of choice.—Physicist's advice in parents.—Love.—False Love.—How not to be misled.—Women who break hearts.—Advice.—When not to marry.

CHAPTER III.—Amativeness: Its use and abuse.—Wrong habits.—Concubinage.—After marriage.—Useful information for the married.

CHAPTER IV.—Important Physiological Facts.—Hints for those who wish to become parents.—The father's influence.—Hints for women, etc. (A most valuable chapter this, which all married people ought to read.)

CHAPTER V.—Mainly about the Baby and nursing.

CHAPTER VI.—The Law of the Husband.—The husband's duty, etc.

CHAPTER VII.—The Law of the Wife.—The wife's duty.—Marital Rights, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Subjects of which more might be said.

This wonderfully interesting and informative book ought to be read and studied by every young man and young lady engaged to be married, as well as by those who are already married. Married men and women must read this book, and those contemplating marriage ought to read it.

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Seldom have delicate subjects been dealt with in so sensible, uncompromisingly a way.

There is no shuffling or beating about the bush here, but a straightforward explanation of matters usually kept secret, an explanation which everyone can follow and understand, and which gives the most valuable assistance to all married couples and to all who are hoping to shortly merge their destinies into another's.

The demand for copies of this book has been so enormous that we are scarcely able to print quickly enough, and the danger is that the fourth edition will be sold out within a few days.

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ADDRESS

If you cannot think what to give him for dinner buy HOME COOKERY. It will tell you!

HIS WOMAN OF MYSTERY (contd. from page 111.)
this showed the tottering condition of his case—a further remand.

Then in clear, low, almost conversational tones Sir Randolph spoke.

"From the time the blow was struck until a constable and doctor were on the scene," he said, "was only a few minutes, yet we are to believe that this lady not only left the flat to summon assistance, but got rid in some miraculous manner of the weapon, for the police, I have no doubt, would leave no stone unturned to discover that."

"Further it is admitted there was a struggle; from the details to hand, from the quantity of blood about the floor, it is obvious that this struggle ensued after the wound to the wrist, yet not one spot of blood could be found on Madame Cyvanie's clothes."

"Of course, amongst the other wonderful things she did during the intervening minutes, she might have rushed up to her room, changed her dress, and burnt the tell-tale garment; it is also conceivable that she washed before calling for assistance. She'd been an actress, you know, and I am told that these people have the gift of marvellous cleverity."

The magistrate listened, the tips of his fingers together; this caustic humour amused him.

"Why, the very motive that the police drag into it is in this lady's favour. Is it within the realms of possibility that, however bitter she might be, she would do to death the father of the man to whom she was engaged, in her own flat—raise up the barrier of blood between them?"

"By a tragic coincidence this lady has been in the vicinity where two of these dastardly crimes have been committed. Because of that, prejudice is against her, but prejudice doesn't mean guilt, except in the minds of the prejudiced. The same thing applies to any suggestion there might be as to Madame Cyvanie being an accessory before the fact—put a rope round her neck by a conspiracy with another to kill her lover's father—in her own flat. The suggestion is preposterous."

"And now we come to a point that Inspector Botin didn't think fit to mention. I'm referring to the significant fact that in the dead man's right hand there was held a tiny ball of white paper. Through the centre of that paper was a hole undoubtedly made by the same person that killed the deceased—that killed the Prince Luigi. Further, the window was wide open from the bottom; the room is not on the ground floor; the murderer made his entrance and his exit through this window—and had to climb along the sill from the flat next door, which is empty, to accomplish it. Would an accessory before the fact allow a murderer to scramble out of the window, clothes blood-stained, when she could have kept him there till dark? The murder needn't have been discovered for hours—or even days for that matter. Madame Cyvanie could have left the country, instead of which, within a minute or two of the commission of the crime she goes for help, and—"

At the entrance of the Court there was a commotion, spite of the stentorian "Silence! Silence!"

A man forced his way right into the centre of the place; he was white.

"Listen!" he shouted hysterically. "Can't you hear them? The newsboys are shrieking again: 'Crime in Fleet Street! Another 'Star Murder'!"

CHAPTER XXXV. The Barrier of Blood.

THERE were no cries of "Silence, silence!" now; even force of habit was held in check; but spite of it a silence followed—long, tense, suggestive, significant. The proverbial pin had no place, for so still was everything that a breath of wind might have been heard.

The magistrate leaned forward, his gold eyeglasses trembling in his fingers as he arranged them in position.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked sternly.

"The son of the late Sir John Farren!"

"Will you tell us—"

But Farren broke in.

"The crime took place less than an hour ago in crowded Fleet Street; the newly-arrived Boyonian Consul; the murderer got clear away, forced his way through the crowds!"

"It seems incredible; is he a foreigner?"

"A Boyonian or Italian, from the description."

He was looking at the "woman of mystery." Her eyes asked the question, and his own seemed to flash back: "Yes, the man who has tried to kill me more than once—Pietro Pasca!"

There was no silence now; a murmur ran through the Court. A whispered consultation was taking place between the solicitor who had Madame Cyvanie's affairs in hand and Sir Randolph Indley. The latter turned to the magistrate.

"Perhaps your worship—"

The magistrate interrupted.

"There is no case to go before a jury," he said

curtly. "No evidence upon which they could possibly convict. I think it only fair to add, Sir Randolph, in justice to your client, that I had already come to my decision before the proceedings were interrupted."

Madame Cyvanie swayed a little as she left the dock; the reaction had come, and it found her very weak. It had been a trying ordeal—to be arrested and brought before the Court, to be remanded, and now all these events that had been crowded into to-day.

She went towards Farren, who came forward and took her gently by the hand; she was feeling faint; they left the Court together. He hailed a taxi and gave the man the address of his chambers. No word was spoken during the drive to Sackville Street. He helped her from the vehicle, paid the driver, then took her in.

"Bring us some lunch, Brown, sharp!" he said to his "man."

In a short space of time they were eating; he practically had to force the food upon her, but he insisted. He made her drink a little wine, too; it brought a tinge of colour to her lips. She lifted her eyes; they met his. She could keep up no longer; it was that glance that did it; the tears streamed down her cheeks. He crossed to her chair, slipped an arm round her shoulders, lowered his head until the brown-black masses of her hair lay against his face, and just let her cry!

Then, by a great effort, she calmed herself. He, too, was greatly upset; in addition to the taint and suspicion hanging around this woman there was the tragic murder itself, and the last interview with his father had been a painful one; the memory of it now



She followed him down into the street, saw him running, running. She felt—she knew for the time he was mad.

swept over him, the parting in anger. How much he would have given had that interview never taken place! Vain regrets; his old father lay dead; that stately, revered, tactful politician's voice would never again be heard; the only thing that lived was his memory.

A greater determination than ever came over Farren to bring the scoundrel to justice; this determination had been held in abeyance; the shadow of Madame Cyvanie's danger lay over him. That was gone; his hands were no longer tied.

"In a day or two's time, after—the funeral, I want you to marry me, dear."

He had crossed the room and stood before her; he saw something that in an indefinite sort of way troubled him.

"What is it? Why are you looking at me like that?" He was vaguely alarmed; the veil from those wonderful eyes lifted, and he saw a hopelessness that was awful.

"We can't marry now, Beresford; it's impossible quite!"

"Impossible?"

"Your father came to my flat to plead with me to give you up; you know that much. He was thinking of—of your good name. He was quite right, too—your good name, then—and he was alive! Now! You must go away; it's no use, Beresford; the odds are too strong!"

He was trying to keep his temper. Surely this was the strangest woman that God ever put on earth?

"But all that's at an end. Sir Randolph told me there never was the smallest grain of evidence against you right from the first that could possibly condemn you."

"Ah"—she shook her head—"that could not condemn me—perhaps; but the evidence was there; it's

only the law that doesn't recognise it! Outside the law I've already been tried and condemned, for the stigma will always be attached. I'm a notorious woman, Beresford. I'm mixed up in things that are beyond the pale of decent society; you forced this engagement on me, dear. I told you I could never be your wife; the barriers that existed then, exist now—only a hundred times stronger!"

She stopped; a little moaning sob came from her lips. Then suddenly she began again; at first the words wouldn't come; they stuck in her throat, seemed to choke her.

"In that building," she said. Every word was detached, a separate effort, and each effort left her weaker. "Sir Randolph Indley spoke—of—of the barrier of blood!" Then it came out in a torrent that rose to a high note, higher and higher until it finished in a scream. "That barrier exists—that barrier of blood!"

She had risen to her feet, her eyes wild, her face, her throat white as parchment. In a couple of strides he was across the room; his hands fell heavily upon her shoulders.

"God! Do you mean that you killed my father?"

Why wouldn't the words come to her? It was as if some force were keeping them in check, to add to the hideous mental torture.

Suddenly she flung back her head; her glance met his fairly, squarely.

"No," she said; "but he was killed by the people with whom I am associated; that in itself makes me an accomplice, an unwilling one, but as much guilty as the others—as Dorrelli!"

The mention of that name sent the blood in a rushing torrent to his brain; it drummed at his temples like a battering-ram; an expression of hate came into his eyes.

Count Dorrelli—the instigator of it all! That was the man, the man the law couldn't touch, for it knew nothing against him, not even who he was; it was to his satellites he left the work that could place a rope round their necks.

Yet there was one way in which he could be punished, one way that law and order didn't recognise, except across the seas where human life counted for little—one way—*one*!

Debts to be paid; the dead man—lying in that room in the garb of the tomb, with those ancestors looking down upon him from the walls, as though guarding the cold, inanimate clay—cried out for vengeance; and he, Sir Beresford Farren, was the last of that ancient line. As he stood in this room with the woman he loved a voice seemed to reach him from the Land of Shadows, from across that Great Divide, the voice of the old man he had called "father."

Count Dorrelli—that was the man who must pay; an "eye for an eye."

Yet there was a law that sanctioned it—the law that man, so placed, had made—God-inspired—for himself, all-powerful, supreme, and called "The Unwritten!"

"Count Dorrelli!" Unconsciously he muttered the words aloud. "Count Dorrelli!"

He was away from her and at the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Count Dorrelli!" He seemed demented—as though for the moment obsessed by one thought, one desire—embodied in those two words: "Count Dorrelli!"

She crossed the room and clutched him, even as he gripped the knob of the closed door in his hand; she was beside herself with anxiety; she could see the state of mind he was in.

If he met Dorrelli now!

She dragged him into the room. Despair lent her a strength that was almost equal to his. He tried to shake her off. For the time he'd forgotten that she was a woman; to him she was simply a force that was holding him when a voice was crying out.

"For my sake—for my sake!" she panted.

Then for the first time he seemed to realise. He swung upon her, his fists clenched, his eyes aflame.

"For your sake!" he cried. "God, woman, haven't I done enough for your sake already—suffered enough? Who in Heaven's name are you? What are you? What weird, unholy mystery is it about this Count Dorrelli that you know, that my father knew? What is it, I say?" he choked. "Speak! For God's sake tell me what it is?"

He could hear nothing but that voice that called out from the darkness. He'd forgotten that a woman—whatever she might be—had suffered, too, had gone through an ordeal that led to the lot of few; hounded from corner to corner, from pillar to post; had suffered the gibes and insults of her sex, had had her name flung about, the subject of tap-room jest—had endured the indignity of standing in the felon's dock, had slept in a common cell, had had her heart searched through and through, its secrets laid bare for the crowded court to discuss and speculate upon, by a relentless, pitiless Crown-paid servant!

And now to be treated like this by the only person

on earth she cared two straws about—but he didn't realise it.

"I can't tell you! Listen—listen quietly to me! I feel, I know it will all be cleared up soon. Count Dorreli has run his race, and without Count Dorreli everything must fall to the ground, although it might mean my arrest. With the end of that man the reason for all this would cease; the few who help him now, the thousands who would have nothing to fight for with Dorreli out of the way. It will soon be at an end, dear, and then I'll tell you what it is that I—"

"Then," he cried, "tell me now—tell me now!" She was silent.

He snatched away from her and was gone. She followed him down into the street, saw him running, running. She felt—she knew for the time he was mad!

Then, when he was breathless, when he realised that people were staring at him, it occurred to him that there were such things as cabs. He hailed a taxi and gave the driver the address. For days he had carried it about with him. He'd made it his business to find out where Dorreli lived. Chambers in Jermyn Street, St. James'. He cursed himself for a fool for not having called a cab earlier; the wasting of precious time, and that dear old dad dead!

He reached his destination. The Count was not at home, he was informed. But he forced his way in, heard a voice, saw a form, stared, stared, for the form was the "woman of mystery"!

CHAPTER XXXVI. To Save Dorreli.

A SILENCE—hideous, pregnant with tragedy. These two people had reached a crisis in their lives. The man was sane enough now—horribly, painfully sane. It was the woman who was mad. She stood there barring his entrance, laughing at him, almost in his face; yet, spite of the situation, indeed, because of it, he saw that her lips were stained with blood, and trembling; the eyelids too. She was swaying—yet spite of it, stood defiantly—before him!

"You at Count Dorreli's chambers!" Because the circumstances were so strange, demanded immediate action, the words that came to his lips were absurdly inadequate.

She didn't answer, the fact was so obvious. He came a step nearer. She could see that there was a fire smouldering in those deep-set eyes. But he kept himself in check; his self-control was marvellous; never had he appeared to greater advantage.

"I've come to see Count Dorreli," he said. It was that ominous calm that spelt danger.

"Count Dorreli is not in."

"You mean at your suggestion he's left the place?" "I warned him that there was a risk, advised him to go!"

She could see what was passing in his mind—thoughts struggling to find expression in words. And her cheeks flushed, her lip lifted slightly. He was willing to believe the worst of her at any time; and although she couldn't in her heart blame him, yet why wasn't it in the nature of a man to trust one woman? But there was no answer; the question has echoed through the ages that are gone, and will still be unanswered when time has finished.

"Madame Cyvanie, I don't believe you!" The flush went and the pallor that was there before came back.

"You think I am lying to you?" "I think so! Count Dorreli is in this place! Will you let me pass?"

For a second she looked at him; then, without moving her position, spoke.

"Listen, Beresford," she said. "When your father called on me I told him that I had never any intention of marrying you, that when you first spoke of me as your affianced wife it was under conditions that made it out of the question for me to deny it. I was only with him for a few minutes, but during that time I had an intuitive feeling that he liked me. He pleaded with me to tell him what my connection with this Count Dorreli, and those he is associated with, is. Of course I couldn't. Had it been possible for anyone to know you would have known. I wondered that your father didn't recognise me. He saw me once at Rome under conditions that should have photographed my image on his mind. Your father was good enough to say that if I could clear myself of these people he would be proud to welcome me as—as his son's wife!" There was a falter and a break. "But I—I can't clear my—"

He broke in. There was cutting sarcasm in his tones:

"No—you choose to implicate yourself further by coming here!"

"I wonder how it is that that gift which all women have is denied to men, even in the smallest degree? The gift of seeing deeper than the surface, to see the underlying motives. Do you think I care two straws what becomes of Dorreli? I've warned him; he's gone, to escape from you. I rushed into a cab in the vague hope of arriving here before you. I was successful. It isn't Dorreli I came to save, it's you—to save you from yourself. The mood you were in, you would have

killed him, and then the honoured name of which your father was so proud would indeed have been dragged into the dust!"

He was only half inclined to believe her; he was essentially a mixture of emotions; conviction that she was speaking the truth strove for the mastery with doubt, there was almost chaos in his mind, a chaos that had existed indeed nearly from the first time he had fallen in with this weird woman.

"To me it seems incredible," he said, "that you can't explain, explain at least enough to convince me that you are, what I want to believe, a woman a man can love without shame, marry without dishonour. You say to marry me is impossible. Why impossible? I don't even know your name"—he came a step closer, looked deep into her eyes—"I've asked you this before, I ask you again. There is only one barrier that could stand in the way—are you already a man's wife?"

She closed her lids for a fraction, a little trick she had when mentally disturbed.

"It's true, Beresford, that you've asked me that before, and I've answered you."

"But"—he had to say it; it was one of those things that came out, spite of himself, that hurt nevertheless—"but you haven't always told me the truth."

She drew back as though he had struck her, for an instant anger flashed into her eyes.

"Beresford, in the near future I don't exactly know what is going to happen to me—if Count Dorreli dies and destroys a certain thing I shall be a free woman. If not, it will probably mean imprisonment for years, but, if these were the last words I uttered, I have never once during the few short months I've known you told you a lie; if it's been that you've asked questions that I couldn't answer, it's my misfortune, but don't blame me for that, dear; the trouble was that I met you too late. If only the gods had been good and sent you to me before I—I fell under other influences! If only—ah, if only! What a difference it would have made!"

He was biting his lip; an almost overwhelming desire came over him to take her in his arms, to kiss those trembling lips until the pain had gone from her eyes, but the grip he had on himself was stronger than the desire.

"You spoke of something that Count Dorreli might destroy before anything happened to him. Can't you tell me even that?"

She was battling with herself. "I shouldn't; I oughtn't," she said at length, "but you have done so much for me and I have been able to do so little to repay you, that I—she lifted her head. "It is a paper that Dorreli holds that I, in common with others, signed—an undertaking to do certain work; it is this that has bound me to him all this time, that he has been able to hold over my head as a threat; I was influenced to sign it by that man who met the death he deserved—my father. The others who signed—they would die a thousand deaths for their master and his cause if it were possible. It is only I, the one woman who signed, who have regretted, for I see the iniquity in the thing I have sworn to do."

She was looking beyond him, as though speaking her thoughts aloud without being conscious of it. They were standing in the hall-entrance of Dorreli's chambers; apparently the place was empty; it was the first time either of them had been there—the abode of their mutual enemy.

"The iniquity in the thing—what thing?" He knew the question was futile. Terror swept across her pale face, and again the desire came over him to kiss it away. Yet how could he? His father was dead—killed by an agency of which this "woman of mystery" knew all about, in which she was concerned, and yet she held her tongue.

"I can't tell you, Beresford." He passed down the hall and out. In a few minutes she, too, followed; she called a taxi and gave the driver her address; she was only vaguely conscious of things about her—of the passing traffic, of a few of those million and one things that help to make London the most wonderful city in the world.

There was a telegram awaiting her when she reached her flat; she tore the envelope open; it was from the manager of the Flengwith Opera House, Stephen Hendley.

"Hearty congratulations; will you call and see me at your earliest convenience?"

She replied, sent the flat attendant with it:

"For the present all idea of work is impossible; I feel too ill."

It was the day before the funeral of Sir John Farren; his son was going through a time that, like that second visit to the "house on the hill," would leave its mark on him.

He had scarcely slept a wink since his father's death; the subsequent events were almost more than he could stand; he was fast becoming an old man; he would see nobody; Grenley had called, he was not in—Muriel had sent a tender little note:

"When our engagement was broken off," she wrote, "you said it was the beginning of the real understanding; have you forgotten? You want

a friend now. I feel it. Come and see us, will you, dear?"

He penned a reply, but didn't go. He had made all the arrangements for his father's funeral, had attended to every little detail, himself. That he would inherit an immense fortune, and was now Sir Beresford Farren, never entered his head.

He would be glad when it was all over; he hated the pomp and show that, of necessity, always prevails at the last obsequies of a man so much in the public eye, hated it as much as he knew the dear pater himself would have hated it.

The police were still searching, but without success; up to the present they were baffled.

The "woman of mystery" had not been anywhere near that room where she had found Sir John lying since her liberation; she was not much given to nerves, but she couldn't bear the thought of it. She was arranging to leave the flat as soon as possible, its unhappy associations would always cling—the memory of police, and her arrest, and that poor old man lying there; and yet, so complex was the woman's mind, she wouldn't have company, preferring to be alone until she could leave it altogether.

And now everything was over.

Sir Beresford Farren stood in his late father's library in front of the open safe, going through his papers; lingering over them. They seemed to bring a fragrant breath from the past, over the stretch of years, to him.

Then he took up one and stared at it, a puzzled frown on his forehead; it was a sealed envelope addressed to "Sir Beresford Farren," and beneath, "To be opened only in the event of my meeting a violent death."

(Another thrilling instalment next week.)

"I say, Ethel, do you know if there's a carriage drive up the cliff?"

"No, but there's a donkey track!" remarked Ethel.

VERY 'TICULAR.

"WHERE is the hoe, Sambo?"
"Wid de rake, massa."
"Well, where is the rake?"
"Why, wid de hoe!"
"Well, well, where are they both?"
"Why, both togedder, massa; you 'pears to be very 'ticular dis morning!"

A CERTAIN politician recently became a parent. On announcing the news the doctor exclaimed gleefully:

"I congratulate you, sir; you are the father of triplets."

The politician was astounded.
"No, no, no," he replied, with more than Parliamentary emphasis. "There must be some mistake in the returns. I demand a recount!"

EVER HAD SHEFFIELD TUMMY ACHE?
SLEEPING sickness, that mysterious disease for which a cure is said to have been found at last, is one of those diseases which puzzle scientists by finding their victims in one district only. The victim of sleeping sickness shows no outer signs of illness, but keeps getting more and more lazy and lethargic till the lethargy passes into death.

England has its diseases that confine their attentions to their own districts. Most people have heard of Derbyshire neck, a form of swollen neck peculiar to Derbyshire, and caused by the excessive amount of salts of lemon and magnesia found in Derbyshire water.

Devonshire colic is peculiar to Devon, and is due to lead-contaminated cider.

Sheffield tummy ache is another purely local disease. It, too, is a form of lead poisoning. Sheffield's water-supply is short of carbonates, a deficiency which makes it absorb too much lead from the pipes.

Soldiers sent to India know and dread the "Delhi-boil," an unpleasantness peculiar to that city. Soldiers stationed in Mandalay, too, are very liable to "Mandalay ring-worm," though it is unknown elsewhere in Burmah. "Rock fever" and Malta fever provide the main work of regimental surgeons at Gibraltar and Malta and are quite unknown elsewhere.

But the most curious of all local diseases is one found only in the Congo basin (which is also the happy hunting-ground of sleeping-sickness). It is called ainhum, the native word for a saw. Rings of bone begin growing round the base of the toe-bones, getting narrower and narrower till the toes are, one by one, neatly snipped off.



Jockeys' Horses Hated

When Racehorses Go Mad at the Post They Endeavour to Make a Meal of Their Riders.

TRouble in the paddock and at the post before a big race is frequently caused by a horse which has taken a sudden and violent dislike to his jockey, and there are numerous cases of well-known jockeys being nearly eaten to death by their mounts.

One of the worst cases of "savaging" occurred to Otto Madden, the famous jockey, at Brighton races a few years ago. He was riding down to the starting-post for the Worthing Plate, when a horse called Marigold IV. overtook him, dragged him out of the saddle by the shoulder, and seizing him by the throat, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

The jockey of Marigold IV., who had himself been unseated, used his whip freely on the brute's head to make him release Madden, and other jockeys coming to his assistance, Marigold IV. was eventually beaten off, but not before Madden had been severely wounded.

Diamond Jubilee, the horse which won King Edward his first Derby, took a violent dislike to his jockey, Mornington Cannon. If Cannon ever went near his loose box, or the horse saw him in the stableyard or paddock, he would make frantic efforts to "go for him," and Cannon had several very close shaves from being badly mauled.

Fred Archer once had a bad tussle with a horse which tried to "savagely" him, but the famous jockey succeeded in getting the better of the

animal and won the race. The horse was "Peter," and the race the Hunt Cup.

Peter threw Archer in the paddock before the race, and seizing him by the arm, nearly bit it in two. Archer succeeded in beating him off, whereupon he threw himself down on the ground and screamed, lashing out at everyone who came near him. Archer, however, was not to be daunted, and he eventually succeeded in mastering the brute.

Lord Charles Cunningham, a well-known sportsman who used to race on a large scale in India, had a very valuable racing pony which took a violent dislike to the "syces," or native grooms.

He absolutely refused to allow them to come into his stable, and on one occasion when two of the "syces" came in together to try to groom him, he bit off one man's arm completely at the elbow, whilst the other only escaped with a badly lacerated ear. After that, white stable-boys from England had to be specially imported to look after him.

Vedas, who became "savage" through ill-health some time before he died, wore a muzzle and the stable-boy was paid extra to look after him.

Ladas, Lord Rosebery's famous racehorse, was perfectly quiet under ordinary circumstances, but for some unknown reason he had a great dislike for ladies, and would "go for them" if any members of the fair sex approached his paddock.



Are Your Bones Musical?

If a Scraping Slate Pencil Sets Your Teeth on Edge, They Are.

CARUSO will not sing with Miss Mary Gordon because two of the notes she sings make his bones ache. The fact is that Caruso has musical bones and when certain notes are sounded his bones vibrate in response and upset him.

It is a well-known fact that a wine-glass can be shattered by the continuous playing of the same note which the glass gives when tapped by the finger.

Caruso's bones ring just as a wine-glass does, and though it is unlikely that they will shatter when their proper note is played, yet they will vibrate and give him the sensation of aching bones.

Everything in nature vibrates and each thing vibrates according to a certain law. If the number of vibrations exceeds a certain number in a second, the wine-glass or whatever it is flies to pieces.

For this reason it is a rule that whenever soldiers cross a bridge they break step. If they did keep step it would mean that in a very short time the vibrations would become so great as to break

down the bridge. Certain musical notes played continuously have extraordinary effects upon the body. Here is an instance recorded by Colonel Younghusband, who led the British expedition into Lhasa, the mysterious capital of Thibet.

He relates that culprits there are sometimes punished by being placed in a dark room in which is a contrivance which continually gives out a fixed note—he guessed it as F sharp—for five hours. At the end of this time the prisoner is brought out, and he is invariably blind. Dr. Farnson, who was with the expedition, examined the eyes of a number of men who had suffered this punishment, and found in every case that the optic nerves had been entirely destroyed.

The commonest instances of the effect of sounds on the body are what one would call "squeaky" sounds. The scraping of a slate-pencil or the squeaking of a rusty hinge are said to set one's teeth on edge. As a matter of fact such sounds have set your teeth vibrating.



Knocked the Batsman Senseless

Odd Accidents in the Cricket Field. One Batsman Knocked His Partner Senseless and Was Caught Out off the Stroke.

THERE are certain accidents which are all "in the game" at cricket.

Bowlers and fieldsmen may easily split a finger in stopping a hard hit. A wicket-keeper's thumbs and fingers are often broken or sprained, while, of course, batsmen must be prepared to take hard knocks from fast and "bumpy" bowling.

Some cricket accidents, however, are out of the common. Only the other day Mr. J. E. Raphael, the ex-Surrey Amateur and International Rugby footballer, playing for the M.C.C. v. Kent, dislocated his right shoulder. He did so when throwing in the ball from the long field.

More extraordinary, however, was the accident which befell Hartigan, the South African, last summer. Returning a ball he gave his arm such a jerk that it was broken, an unprecedented accident in the history of the game.

In the Test Match at Leeds, 1909, Mr. G. L. Jessop, fielding as usual at cover-point and making a desperate effort to reach a ball that was going away from him, strained the muscles of his back so severely that it was feared he would never play again. Happily, these forebodings were not realised.

J. B. Hobbs tells this story: A big hitter made a tremendous swipe which went straight at the other batsman's head. He was unable to dodge it. The ball hit him, knocked him senseless, and then glanced off his head into the hands of a fieldman,

who promptly appealed for a catch, and the hitter was given "out." The injured player could not resume. There was only one more man to come in. But there was no partner for him, and so the game was over, and in a sense three men were out to one ball. Players have been known accidentally to "spike" themselves or another player.

Two fieldsmen, perhaps, try for the same catch, and the one treads his spiked boot on the other's foot.

Mr. N. A. Knox, the Surrey fast bowler, had a very complicated run up, and on one occasion he spiked himself in the leg.

Lilley, the great wicket-keeper, once had an eye nearly knocked out by a flying ball, but this is more or less an every-day risk with stumpers. Denton, the Yorkshireman, and one of the finest of long fields, once damaged himself when running for a catch, he crashed into the side of the sight screen.

But the most distressing accident which ever happened on the cricket field was the one which befell poor Johnny Briggs, the idol of Lancashire crowds.

Lancashire were fielding against Surrey, and Briggs went to stop a hard shot. As the ball reached Briggs it hit a lump in the ground and, rising, struck him over the heart. Though Briggs played after this accident he was never the same, and he died in a lunatic asylum.

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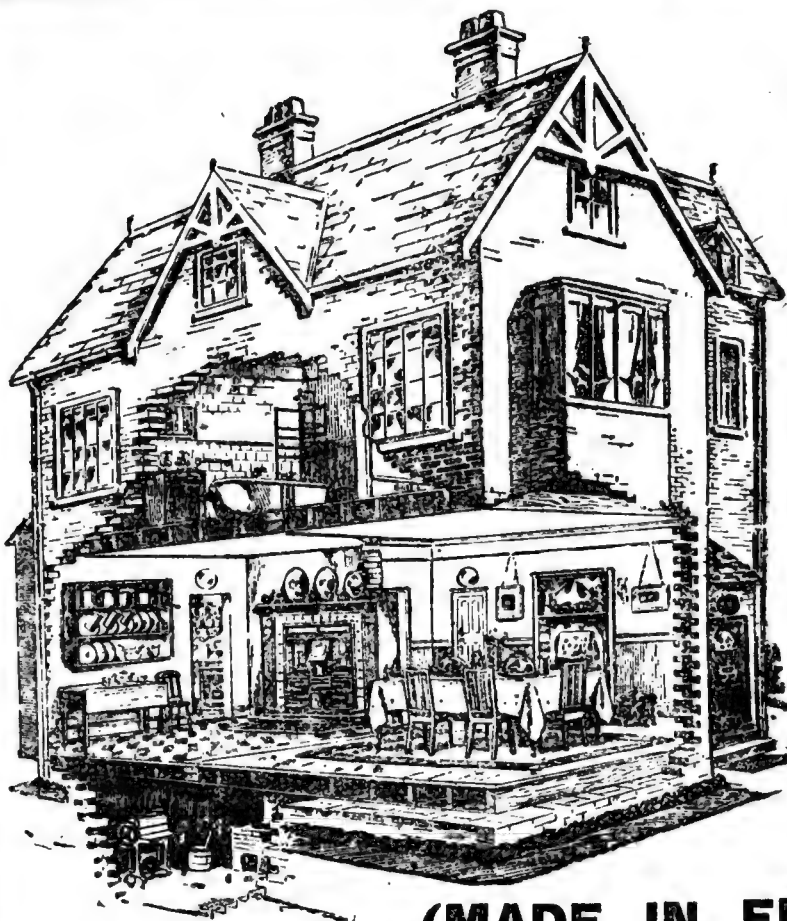
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Grand (P.W.) Total, £2,687 7s. 2d.

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DAINTY DISHES.

Gooseberry Sauce (To be served with mackerel).

Boil the gooseberries till tender, then mash them in a colander, and mix with an equal quantity of melted butter. Flavour with a little grated nutmeg, ginger, or cayenne pepper as preferred.

Two Ways of Using Up Cold Meat.

Mock Cutlets.

Cut the remains of any cold meat into fairly thick slices, and trim into the shape of cutlets. Take the remains of any cold potatoes, and mash; then beat up an egg, and stir into the potatoes. Cover each piece of meat with the potato and egg, and breadcrumb them as you would a cutlet. Fry a light brown, and serve with mashed potato.

Savoury Mutton Pie.

Mince the remains of any cold mutton, and place in an earthenware piedish. Slice two or three onions, and place them on the mince. Sprinkle with sage and pepper and salt to taste. Pare and slice as many potatoes as will be required to cover all the dish, then pour in sufficient gravy or stock to fill, cover the dish, and bake in a moderate oven till the potatoes are quite cooked.

Three Cherry Recipes.

Baked Cherry Pudding.

Wash and stone the cherries and place a layer of them at the bottom of a well-buttered piedish. Strew over them a little sifted sugar and some very finely chopped lemon rind. Lay upon this some thin bread and butter, and repeat layers till the dish is full, finishing with a layer of cherries strewn over with sugar. Pour half a pint of water over the whole, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Cherry Gâteau.

Soak one ounce of gelatine in a cupful of water for an hour. Boil a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar in a pint of water for ten minutes, then throw into it a pound of cherries from which the stones and stalks have been removed. Allow them to boil for ten minutes. Dissolve the gelatine in a little of the syrup and add it to the cherries, throw in a few of the kernels, and colour with cochineal. Place a gallipot in a damp mould and pour the cherry preparation round. When required, turn on to a glass dish and put custard in the centre instead of the gallipot.

Cherry Wine.

Choose Morello cherries, not over-ripe, pick from the stalks, and mash in a mortar, pressing to detach the pulp without bruising the stones, and leave for twenty-four hours. Press the pulp through a coarse hair sieve, and to every three gallons add eight pounds of loaf sugar. Put the mixture into a cask, add yeast, and allow to ferment, then rack the wine from its lees as soon as it grows clear. Crack the stones and hang them in a bag suspended from the bung-hole and in the cask during the fermentation of the wine as this gives it a nutty flavour.

Some Strawberry Recipes.

Strawberry Essence.

Put twelve pounds of strawberries in a pan. Dissolve three ounces of tartaric acid in three quarts of water and pour it over the fruit. Allow to stand for two days stirring occasionally, but do not break the fruit or the essence will not be clear. Strain through muslin and add one pound of sugar to every pint of liquid. Stir till sugar is dissolved, then bottle, cork, and tie down. Store in a cool place. One tablespoonful to a tumblerful of water when required.

Strawberry Syrup.

Cook one quart of strawberries in one pint of water till quite soft. Then strain through muslin pressing out the juice of the fruit. When cold sweeten to taste and dilute with water. Serve with cracked ice.

Strawberry Tartlets.

Sift together half a pound of flour with a teaspoonful of baking-powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Rub into this two heaped up tablespoonfuls of butter and the same quantity of lard. Moisten with cold water and roll the dough out into a very thin sheet. Butter a baking-tin, and spread the dough on it and bake in a moderate oven. Stew sufficient strawberries to fill till the juice runs from them, then place in the crust and cover with whipped cream or custard.

The Little Dressmaker

Tells You How to Drape a Skirt.

SINCE draped dresses came into fashion, I have had several letters from my ladies asking how to manage it. It is difficult for me to tell you, because no two dresses are ever quite alike, and each must be draped according to the cut of its own skirt. But perhaps I may mention two or three little things which may be a help.



Diagram 1.
Always pin the lines of your drapery first and then tack them.

have to come out you have finished.

The secret of draping dresses really only lies in doing it on the person who is to wear it. When ladies come to me and order dresses of this sort, I always say:

"I am afraid I shall have to ask you to give me at least two fittings, ma'am, and maybe three, for I know that you can't get drapery right by rule of thumb—you must have it melted on your figure."

What I do is to get the different parts of the skirt all tacked up separately—the draped side and the straight side, and anything else that there may be. Then I pin them altogether on the lady, so that I may make quite sure how they are going to set.

The easiest drapery to manage is that of a skirt which has one full side going into one fairly straight side—the kind shown in the diagram. When you have this, you must get your straight side correct, the hem and so on, all right, and then you can fit the other into it.



Diagram 2.
The drapery is often gathered into the edge of a straight seam. This is the easiest way of doing things.

As a rule it is a mistake to press drapery much. You can just wink at it with the iron, as it were, but if you flatten it all down it will get a sort of stiff look, as if it were made of paper instead of stuff.

The only time when you have to press a good deal is when the drapery goes into the waist, in the way shown by Diagram 3. In this case you must iron and iron the tops of the pleats, till they are as flat as possible, so that they may not stand away from the waist and spoil the shape of the figure.

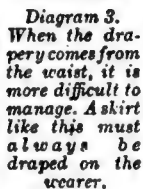


Diagram 3.
When the drapery comes from the waist, it is more difficult to manage. A skirt like this must always be draped on the wearer.

where it is quite invisible.—Your respectful friend,

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

(Next week, *Mlle. Jeanette, the famous Parisian beauty specialist, will tell girls how they can improve their complexions during their fortnight's holiday at the seaside.*)

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

If you are in want of some money—and everybody is in these hard-up times—why not make your crochet profitable as well as interesting by entering for the Huge Crochet Contest which is at present running in HOME NOTES. The first prize is the magnificent one of £100 in a silver rose bowl, and there are hundreds of smaller cash awards. Buy a copy of HOME NOTES (price 1d.) and read all particulars inside.

HOME HINTS.

To Prevent Tea Staining a Cloth if Spilled, Put a lump of sugar in the teapot when making the tea.

When Baking Small Cakes or Buns

Flour the tins instead of greasing them. The cakes will not stick to the tins, and will bake quite as well.

Save the Waxed Lining Paper

From the insides of biscuit boxes. It can be cut into rounds and used to place on the top of home-made jams before the covers are tied on.

When Washing Silk Blouses

Add a tablespoonful of methylated spirit to the rinsing water. This brings up the gloss and makes the silk look like new.

Before Going Away for the Holidays

Rub all forks and spoons over with a little olive oil before putting them away. When required, wash with warm water and dry thoroughly. They will look like new.

To Prevent White Silk Blouses Turning Yellow.

Do not hang the blouse up to dry after washing. Wrap it in a white cloth and leave for an hour, then iron till dry. Treated in this way white silk will keep its colour till worn out.

To Give a Dainty Scent

To handkerchiefs, blouses, and children's clothes, tie a small quantity of orris-root in a muslin bag and either boil with the things or place in the rinsing water. This will give a faint scent of violets when the clothes have been dried and ironed.

Save all Scraps of Toilet Soap,

Weigh them, add a little water, and dissolve in a saucepan. Then stir in their weight of fine oatmeal, mix thoroughly, and pour into a tin to cool. Then cut into small cakes.

To Make Ordinary White Paint Look Like Enamel.

Dissolve a piece of caustic soda the size of a marble in half a wineglassful of spirits of turpentine, and add to a two-pound tin of white zinc paint. Stir well before using, and when dry the paint will have a fine gloss equal to enamel at a very much smaller cost.

Two Hints for the Cook.

To Re-heat Greens

Plunge them into a saucepan of slightly salted boiling water and boil quickly for a couple of minutes, then strain. They will look and taste equal to freshly boiled vegetables and will be quite easily digested.

When Boiling Suet Puddings

Place salt in the water instead of in the puddings, and boil quickly.

About Fruit Stains.

To Remove Fruit Stains

From children's pinafores and dresses cover the stains with cream of tartar, and then boil the garment in soapsuds for a quarter of an hour. Rinse in clear warm water, and the stain will have disappeared.

Fruit Stains

Can be removed from tablecloths by pouring boiling water in which a little borax has been dissolved through the stained part. Stretch over a basin before pouring the water through.

ACID STOMACHS ARE DANGEROUS.

COMMON-SENSE ADVICE BY A
DISTINGUISHED SPECIALIST.

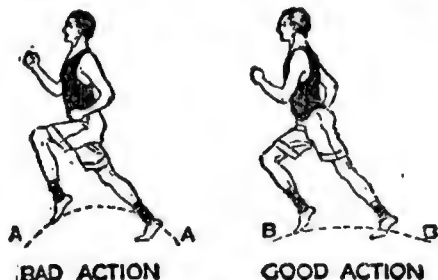
"Acid" stomachs are dangerous because acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, thus hindering and preventing the proper action of the stomach, and leading to nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble from which people suffer. Medicines and medicinal treatments are useless in such cases, for they leave the source of the trouble, the acid in the stomach, as dangerous as ever. The acid must be neutralised, and its formation prevented, and the best thing for this purpose is half a teaspoonful of bisaturated magnesia, a simple antacid, taken in a little warm or cold water after eating, which not only neutralises the acid, but also prevents the fermentation from which acidity is developed. Foods which ordinarily cause greatest distress can be eaten with impunity if the meal is followed with a little bisaturated magnesia, which can be obtained of any chemist, and should always be kept handy.

Wrinkles for Runners

The Crack Hurdler Does Not Rise An Inch Higher to His Jumps Than is Necessary.

THIS is the time of year when athletic meetings are being held all over the country, and any number of runners are hoping to prove victorious in this or that trial of speed or endurance.

Those who go to watch sports should find plenty to interest them, apart from the actual results of



The man who raises his knees too high in sprinting takes longer to get up speed than the man who glides along scarcely raising his knees at all.

the races, for the scientific side of running and jumping, as displayed by the different competitors, is, in itself, an interesting study; and many an athlete has become a "classy" performer by studying some of the wrinkles of running.

Take the start for the 100 yards, for instance. Some men have a natural tendency to raise their knees so as to bring each leg up at right angles to the body; but this is a habit which must be cured if they wish to become good sprinters.

A high action like that shown in the first sketch, means that the sprinter takes much longer to get up full pace than the man who raises his knees only a trifle at each step. This will be obvious to you, if you compare the first and second pictures.

In Picture No. 1 the runner moves his foot along line A A, whereas the man in the second sketch moves his foot along line B B. Comparing the two, you will see that the first runner wastes quite a lot of unnecessary energy in bringing his foot high



A good runner's footprints lie almost in a straight line. A bad runner swings too much from side to side, his steps are all over the place, and he wastes a lot of time.

ing for sports, pay any particular attention to the muscles of the back and arms; and yet it is very important that these should be thoroughly pliable, since the swing of the body and arms is of considerable assistance in urging the runner forward through the air.

These muscles can be put into trim by a course of home practice with a couple of light dumb-bells. Grasp the dumb-bells firmly in the hands, thus setting the arm muscles. Bend each arm at the elbow, and then draw the fists briskly to and fro, as shown in the third picture.

The young runner must not get into the habit of swaying too much from side to side, or he will never become a class performer. His footprints should lie close on either side of an imaginary line



When training for sports it is always advisable to keep the back and arm muscles pliable. This can be done at home with light dumb-bell exercise.



The heels of the crack long-distance runner touch the ground during the greater part of the race and his arms hang lower than those of a sprinter. The latter, of course, runs on his toes.

drawn between them. The man who sways does not do this, but wastes his strength unnecessarily in dragging his body across the course, instead of straight forward.

The fourth sketch shows what is meant. From this you can see that the man who made footprints 1-2 pulled his body across the course from A to A, whereas the man who took steps 3-4 was going forward the whole time.

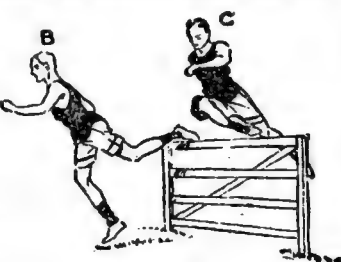
When attending sports, you will notice that the sprinters run on their toes, but that the long-distance runner spends most of his time on the flat of his foot, after the manner of our next illustration. For the final spurt, however, at the end of a long race, you will probably observe the long-distance man gets on to his toes again.

Hurdle-racing is a sort of little science all to itself, for the hurdler has to learn how to take each jump without losing step, and then to bring his front foot down to the ground again in the very quickest time possible.

With this object in view, the crack hurdler does not rise an inch higher to his jumps than is absolutely necessary. He does not raise his front foot very close to his body, as some do, and he drags his back foot so low behind him that it is very often necessary for him to wear an ankle pad, because this part of his foot strikes the hurdle as he flies over. The last two drawings serve to bring out the points here mentioned.



In hurdle-racing and jumping the chief thing is to bring the front foot down as soon as possible. This man has jumped too high—



—B has got over best of the three, just clearing the rail. C's method is good for ordinary jumping, but not for racing.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

ONE of the attendants approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then, why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive, I w-was'n't hissing! I w-was s-s-saying to S-s-s-sammie that the s-s-singing is s-s-superb!"

"THANK Providence, my dear," remarked Mrs. Jones, addressing her husband, "as you weren't born a swell! Motors and kerridges is all right, but, taken all round, theirs is an 'ard life. Why, bless you, they can't 'ave their bottle o' stout an' winkles in their bedrooms, like you and me can!"

GENTLEMAN: "I thought you were a blind beggar?"

BEGGAR: "That's my lay, guv'nor."

GENTLEMAN: "Well, you are not blind now."

BEGGAR (indignantly): "Well, sir, can't a poor fellow take a day off occasionally?"

"Is there any way you can suggest, by which we can cure her of her infatuation for him?"

"Oh, yes, that's easy. Just—"

"I mean without letting her marry him?"

"Not that I know of."

FORCE OF HABIT.

"YOUNG man, do you guarantee this stuff to kill beetles?" inquired the old woman in the drug store.

"Positively, ma'am," replied the polite assistant.

"I don't see no directions on the bottle. How is it used?"

"Shake the bottle and take a spoonful three times a day, ma'am," replied the clerk absently-mindedly.

The Odd Corner

GOOD OLD BILL.

SHAKESPEARE'S a 1 der. When he writes
His fun we've got 2 laugh;
When he his awful mir 3 cites
4 us we split in half.

He can re 5 a man who'd die
By metaphy 6 guilo;
If one's as blue as 7's sky
Bill can ere 8 a smile.

We know that Billy was be 9
And had a tender heart—
An O ty heart could never shine
Like his and be so smart.

A RIDDLE IN RHYME.

AFTER a hundred and fifty-one,
You'll see me right behind.
My meaning is the climato
Or the weather you will find.
Behold me and I'm used in mortar;
Behold me once again,
And though you take me off the end
Yet I will still remain.

Solution below.

A WELL-EARNED MEAL.

JOHN's wife and John were tête-à-tête;
She witty was; industrious he.
Said John, "I've earned the bread we've ate."
"And I," said she, "Have urned the tea."

CATCHY.

HE who courts and runs away,
When caught in court will have to pay.

A GREETING.

My first I hope you are,
My second I see you are,
My whole I know you are.
Solution below.

OF COURSE.

IN the middle of your face,
Your nose should always be.
The reason for this fact is plain,
It's the "scenter," don't you see?

A FAMILY JAR.

SAID the wife of a gallant old soldier,
"You know that I don't like to sco.d-ier;
But if you again mention
I married your pension
I'll break your old head, now I've told ier."

Solutions.

A RIDDLE IN RHYME.

151 = C I, I and "M E" added = Clime; Lime; Ime—
take off "M I" and I remain.

A GREETING.

Well-come (Welcome).

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand,
And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner. So

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand,
And see what we will give you.

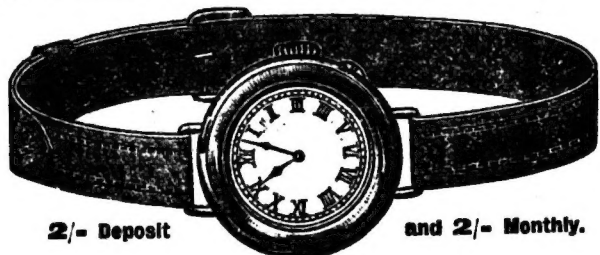
Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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Watch. The straps can be had in any shade of leather. Send your order on the coupon below,
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full cash is remitted.

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bargain of your lifetime. A number
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for advertising is exhausted by the
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refund your deposit in full.

P.W. COUPON July 19, 1913.
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NAME

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